

Miscellaneous.

MY MONDAY MEDITATIONS.

I HAVE been thinking this morning about the ushers in our churches. The successful man in this line of work is almost as rare as the good sexton. I think we make a mistake in committing this important work to very young and inexperienced men. In a church not ten miles from Boston I recently saw some strangers stand five minutes waiting to be shown to a seat, while the usher for that aisle stood within three feet of them talking and laughing with some silly girls. I was glad to see that one of the official members called the young man's attention to his neglected duty. I wish more of our official members would be willing to assume this responsibility of looking after the strangers and visitors at our services. A young man can do the work more quickly, perhaps, but not with the same satisfaction, unless he is careful and conscientious in the performance of his duties. It means a great deal more to a stranger to be shown to a seat by a representative man in the church, and he is a great deal more likely to come again. I wish our stewards and trustees were more thoughtful in this regard.

The vacation period is now over, and many times in the last two months our pulpits have been supplied. I wonder if the economical policy pursued has been the wisest. Is the fact that a man will preach for nothing sufficient recommendation to entitle him to an opportunity to supply one of our congregations in July or August? On the other hand, can any church afford to have a supply to whom there would be an unwillingness to give any compensation? And, again, is not any preacher or layman who is considered worthy to occupy that pulpit entitled to pay for his services? I have a friend who is a fine preacher as well as a successful business man. In a year he probably preaches twenty Sundays, and in the winter season often gives three evenings a week to revival work in different churches. He could preach every Sunday and spend nearly every evening away from home if he would accept all the invitations he receives. He seldom gets anything for his work, and often pays his own expenses besides. I never heard him complain, but I have heard his wife sigh when he has informed her that he was going to be away from his family over Sunday. I say that a church of self-respect and moderate financial strength cannot afford to have a talented layman like him in their pulpit without appropriating something for his services. If he refuses compensation, then the amount he was entitled to should be given to missions or to some benevolent object. No church can pursue a niggardly policy without being the loser in the end. I know a theological student who only received five dollars for preaching twice on Sunday in a church where the pastor's salary was more than \$2,000. The treasurer who handed him the bill said, in a complimentary way, "We have not heard two such sermons in this church in the last two years." I presume he tried to quiet his stingy conscience by his compliment. I wish our treasurers were the only ones to blame. Pastors often invite students and laymen to preach for them, and almost forget to say as much as "Thank you" for the service. I presume many pastors could give personal remittances on this line. I could, but I am afraid I might be taken for an old man if I should tell what I have seen and felt, and therefore I forbear.

THE METHODIST MECCA.

FRANCIS E. WILLARD.

[Evans, the chief usher of Chicago, and seat of Northwestern University, annually celebrates "Founder's Day" in its theological department, the Garrett Biblical Institute. As Mrs. Garrett, the founder of this institution, was a Methodist lady of distinction, President Ridgway thought it to ask a lady to speak at one of these anniversary, and this is her address.—Editor ZION'S HERALD.]

HONORED PRESIDENT AND FACULTY AND KIND THEOLOGICAL BROTHERS: I appear before you in the privileged character of "the oldest inhabitant." Not a professor among the one hundred toward whom we "point with pride" had ever laid eyes on Evans when these eyes beheld its budding glories in grove and lake and sky. Idyllic was the name that best described it. An Indian trail was clearly discernible along the shore; quails twittered under the hazel bushes, and on the distant prairie could be heard of a spring morning the mystic half-melancholy half joyous drumming of those prairie chickens whose notes breathed thoughts of sweet skies, soft airs and fragrant blossoms. Far up on the beautiful shore stood "Demosthenes Hall," a plain, white building, Methodist after the manner of a former day, and within its walls theology had its first shrine this side the Alleghenies.

Garrett Biblical Institute, founded by Eliza Garrett, wife of a former mayor of Chicago, was, at this legendary period, better known as "the Bible." I even heard one old lady go so far as to term it "the Bible," and am sorry to admit that in the profane vernacular of "the Jones School," as my alma mater was sometimes called, the inhabitants of said theological seminary were invariably known as "Bibs." This irrelevant designation has, I trust, under the influence of modern culture, become altogether obsolete.

In the almost pastoral simplicity of those early times, when "classic Evanson" was truly such, the few hundred people who constituted the village clustered like iron filings around the University as their magnet—and it was the only magnet that had then appeared. There was, therefore, among them a unity of spirit and of purpose now quite impossible. Intellectual power was at a premium; culture of the mind and heart constituted the only aristocracy; plain living and high thinking were the rule—especially plain living.

There was but one church then, an unadorned old structure which stood in a pleasant grove nearly opposite the room home of the lamented Dr. E. O. Haven. This is now

removed two squares west and occupied by our Norwegian friends. I remember the righteous indignation aroused by Theodore Tilton when he lectured there (introduced by our then Sunday-school superintendent, Edward Eggleston), and presumed to speak of that sacred shrine as "an historic old barn." In those days the announcement of any public exercises by students of the Institute or University invariably packed the large auditorium of the said church, and focalized the interest of an educational population whose love and pride were centered in "our institutions."

But the most cordial relations of which my memory bears record subsisted between the G. B. I. and the Northwestern Female College, otherwise and profanely known as "the Jones School," and since merged in the Evanston College for Ladies, which, in turn, as the feminine fashion is, changed its name to "Woman's College of the Northwestern University." In testimony of which relations, note the spoliations of our faculty, when, as the sequel of many an "Institute picnic" and moonlight boat ride on the lake, Rev. (now Dr.) J. W. Waugh and Rev. J. W. Downey carried away two of our teachers from before our very eyes, and Miss Hayes and Rockwell suddenly ceased to instruct in algebra and history, that they might become the true yoke-fellows of those noble and devoted theologues in their mission to India. There is a sweet young voice in our church choir never heard by me without tender thoughts of the gracious mother long since dead, whose face was the first one I saw at the old college, and who was dear as a sister to my heart. Her husband, our noble Dr. Waugh, and his devoted friend and classmate at Allegheny College, Mr. Downey, set a keynote of unselfish purpose and high character as members of "Garrett's" first graduating class, which, if maintained, will keep the annals of grand old "Garrett" always at concert pitch of Christian heroism. The sudden death of Brother Downey soon after he reached India made us all mourners. I can but wish that, as Mrs. Lillie Hayes Waugh has a tablet at the Woman's College, so some memorial of this rarely great and gifted man, placed upon the walls of this building, might perpetually speak to his successors of the Christian reality that signified his life among us so long ago. I wish, also, to mention Rev. J. H. Messmore, once a student here, as among the noblest men and most successful missionaries that Methodism has produced. A scholar who, from the depths of India, declines the honor of D. D. from such a school as this, is made of no ordinary material, all must admit.

Evanson is celebrated still for its literary clubs, but you should have seen what I entered in my ancient photograph album as "The Reading Circle." Every gentleman was a theological student and every lady was connected with the "Female College." How have I heard within the favored precincts of this charmed "Circle" the clashing of polemical words, and been dazzled by the flashing scintillations of wit and repartee! We told about the new books we had read; it was the heyday period of Carlyle and Emerson, and though strictly orthodox, we were all devotees of these great men. We debated upon doctrines more, I fear, than duties, and made what Oliver Wendell Holmes wittily called our "barn-door flights of knowledge," aided by cyclopedias and special "crans." We recited our favorite bits of verse and criticized each other's literary crudities. Of one member in that club it was said by a certain witty theologian that when she and Mrs. Blank, wife of a chief professor, were in converse, "they shook out nebulae of thought from their luminous minds as you'd shake feathers from an old pillow." The members of this club did not carry preparations quite so far as Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who used to write *bon mots* upon his thumb nails in preparation for an evening entertainment, but I remember one of them, a brilliant preacher since, who after "looking up" Raskin for several hours before going to the church service, stated in private, "I am now ready for the fray, and whenever talks with me to night shall talk the 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and nothing else." Another, and a lady member, on being introduced to one of the most distinguished graduates this institution has ever sent out, dared to drift from conventional moorings and to open the conversation thus: "It is a charming June evening; every body's health is good, so far as heard from; Evanson is a delightful town to dwell in; these comelinesses being attended to, what shall we talk about?" But it was not one of our Club, although it was a theologian, who brought a quizzical look to my bright sister's face by saying, as his opening sentence after the introduction, "Miss Mary, what do you consider to be the exact dividing line between sin and holiness?"

Bliss! The memory of those pleasant years beguiles me! Suffice it that I have given

A Peep into the Bright Beginnings of social life in the early times, though we had no boat house, I think we had the most delightful boat rides ever known; when we sang the grand old hymns of Methodism long before "Gospel Songs" or "Mikado" airs were heard of; and when, although the informal church sociables and professors' "class receptions" were our chief entertainment, "we had good talk, sirs," as Sam Johnson puts it, in old-fashioned Evanson, the quiet, studious village of thirty years ago.

I could tell you of two Biblical students who "boarded themselves" in the attic of what is now "Preparatory Hall," and who, far from being sensitive to their impecunious estate, used laughingly to entertain some of their lady friends with recipes of the great variety of forms in milk, crackers and oatmeal could be garnished and served. They are to-day known throughout our church as among the foremost of her younger ministers. I could rehearse the experience of a third who lived here in great poverty and was almost tearfully thankful to the good ladies who privately gave him a nice suit of clothes in which to graduate, who is now a Doctor in Divinity, taking first rank in a most important rising field. I could tell you of a youth who is to-day a preacher of our church, who came to this institution from a country home and in seven years of constant study was never once absent from a recitation or tardy at a single exercise; of one who took care of a professor's horse and cow to earn money for his expenses while a theological student, and to-day is the most gifted young minister of our church in New York city. He once wrote in my autograph album in his individual fashion, "There is an 'Up' in life," and he spelled "up" with a capital U. I could tell you of that great wreck of the steamer "Lady Elgin," and other vessels off this shore when we had no light-house and no life-saving station; but the big, brawny, fearless "Biblicals" rushed into the fierce, yellow, howling waves and rescued the drowning as if trained to that branch of the service. Their "muscular Christianity" compelled respect even from those "fellows of the baser sort" who are the discount of every community and to whose lips comes readily a sneer about "the preachers." There are names of several General Conference officers on the roster of noble old "Garrett," and

among them you will find some of those who belonged to our self-constituted "Life Saving Corps" in olden times.

There were "married students" in those days as in these, some of whom, with their wives, belonged to "The Reading Circle" and were among its brightest ornaments. I have reason to believe in and appreciate the courage and character requisite to the high task of mending the broken places in one's education even after family cares have been assumed, for my own parents went to Oberlin College and dedicated five years to what they deemed the duty to themselves and us, after they had three little ones to care for. How different it must have been for them, lifting to higher levels than they could otherwise have done, all who came within their social influence. Only let me emphasize the hope that these privileges may be shared alike by the "united heads" of every theological family in Evanson, since it must be true, as the poet Steadman has so nobly said, that

"No lasting links to bind two souls are wrought, Where passion takes no deeper cast from thought."

In other days this could not be. Not until 1869 was the University opened to women. I like to remember in the gracious and tolerant presence of our noble Christ by whose invitation a woman's birthday is honored and a woman asked to speak in theological talks—that a Methodist minister, then the most celebrated in our educational annals, my friend and brother, Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven, made it a condition of accepting the presidency of this University that its doors should be thrown wide open for the admission of women. The time will come, and some of us shall live to see it, when by an innovation not greater for that time than this one was sixteen years ago, the Medical School in Chicago and the Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanson shall be equally accessible to women as to men. Had this been so when I was young, my selfish dream, so shyly kept I never uttered it in human ear, had long ago been realized, and I could have spoken to day, like my honored brother, Rev. A. W. Patten, as a member of the alumni. I have a generous friend in Michigan, one of its richest lumbermen, who has offered two hundred thousand dollars to the Congregational Theological Seminary of Chicago, on condition that it shall thus open its doors. The excellent but conservative gentlemen of the faculty and trustees are given two years in which this matter may be "carefully considered." I can but hope they will decline, and that the offer may be renewed to this institution, founded by a woman, named for a woman, and lodged in a building ("Hock Hall") erected in honor of a woman and by women! Methodism will be the church of the future and will conquer the world if she brings all her hitherto into the store-house; gives elbow room to all her faithful children; and welcomes all their voices to every one of her circles of influence, instead of leaving them to seek other pathways outside her sheltering fold. The church founded by Susanna Wesley, son John and inspired by the loving voice of her son Charles, must keep pace with the age it has done so much to mold, and make broad place for the gifts and graces it has done so much to evoke.

Graduates of Northwestern

on the far frontier and in the difficult fields of the South. In 1883 Anna Gordon and I rode three hundred miles overland in Montana with Brother Shannon and his wife, often jumping from the wagon to block the wheels with stones when on some precipitous hillside the horse became constitutionally discouraged, while Bro. S. manned the brake, and his wife, baby in arms, essayed to drive. In Butte City I was entertained by Brother and Sister J. Jay Garvin—presiding elders of the district I may say well have said, for he is so liberal-minded and she so capable, that they gleam in my memory as double stars. In Truckee, California, I met Rev. William Carver and wife, who gave me such an insight into the trials of a home missionary life as has attached me warmly to that grand, new cause among our Methodist women. In California I traveled with Robert Evanson and Frances Harvey Gendly, his wife (both Evanson graduates), beloved friends known to me when life was a May morning; and everywhere I find the young blood of Methodism ready for the next thing and not one bit afraid of it because it is the next and not the last. Progression on every question—prohibition, woman's ballot, woman in the pulpit; for our young men all see that this is the oncoming wave, the sentiment certain to be dominant when they come upon the stage of action. But the most progressive can hardly outrank that glorious Bishop Matthew Simpson, in his candor of opinion, as none certainly can in breadth of outlook or riches of experience. More than fifteen years ago I heard him say at a Conference in his address to a semicircle of "candidates for orders": "Brethren, be on the side of progress; it is God's side. Remember that women are to help us save this republic yet, and give your influence in favor of their enfranchisement."

But I must not forget that this desultory talk is called "a retrospect," and not a prophecy. There were

Giants in Those Days.

Dr. Dempster, first president of the Institute, had an intellect of crystalline clearness and diamond point. He was not a social force, as his motto, inscribed in all his library books, declared, "Mea vita vobis." My life is a vow—to establish Biblical Institutes was the theme of his conference of his hands. But as a preacher he was memorable. Never shall I forget the force of this sentence as I heard him utter it: "Remember, when you are tempted to do wrong, that the *seniorium of the universe is on its throne*;" nor the awe that settled upon my youthful spirit when he bent over the pulpit and introduced a tremendous climax with the words: "Now let us uncap Hell!"

Bishop Simpson was the next president, and lived on Hunan Avenue, in the most accessible and unostentatious fashion. One was pretty sure to find Biblical students in his study, his table, his closet, and at a picnic which I well remember, gave Mrs. Gov. Evans on the college campus, one of those students, better known to us as Col. James Riley Weaver, long a foreign consul, first met Miss Anne Simpson, who has now shared his pilgrimage for eighteen years.

During the war the Bishop lived here, and the sermons he preached and prayers he offered in that old church of ours must doubly consecrate it even to us whose graduation, baptism and admission to the fold all date back to that place, and whose sacred dead have been carried out from its altars. Along its aisles I have seen our students crowding to sign the muster roll; our war meetings were all held there, and the Sabbath witnessed such "political preaching" as it did one's heart good to hear, while Bishop Simpson's great soul seemed to enfold us all in its electric atmosphere. His face was sublime with a Christian patriot's loftiest inspiration, and his whole presence realized my ideal of Isaiah in his most prophetic mood. In all those wonderful days the theologues were at the front. They formed a company and drilled; many went to war; Alphonso U. Linn, then principal of the preparatory school (who, if not with them, was so truly of them that I thought I cannot separate the two), led a

company of students of all grades to the front and died there, to the grief and lamentation of us all. Abraham Lincoln visited the Institute and tried his skill at tests of jumping with "the boys"—for that was what my brother called them, who was himself a graduate of "Garrett" and whose relation to this institution in his brilliant ministerial days must forever endear it to me and mine beyond all others of its kind.

Rev. Dr. D. P. Kidder was the next president of the faculty. His name is one of the best known in our church. He was a man of proverbial urbanity and of rare culture, a voluminous and ready writer, a man of untiring industry and unequalled method, who had a talent for affairs, and was, with his equally gifted wife, the chief social force in our village. We were a band in every good word and work, and were the very incarnation of public spirit. When they left us for Drew Theological Seminary, the town tendered them a good by reception and testimonial in the new church, to which they were richly entitled as a family that had for fifteen years made common cause with us all *pro bono publico*.

[Concluded next week.]

OLD WORLD SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR SOLUTION.

[Special correspondence of ZION'S HERALD.]

The social problems of Great Britain and the Continent are akin to those of the United States. Some of them are peculiar to single nationalities, such as the land question in England; but most of them are the natural outgrowth of the civilization of the nineteenth century and especially of the last generation. ZION'S HERALD'S special correspondent, in this letter, will confine himself chiefly to Great Britain and to cosmopolitan London. The alliterative habit prevails here as in our own country, and the leading problems have been designated as "land, labor, and liquor." The discontent of many nationalities, the frequency of strikes, the demand for governmental interference, are so general as to show that two of these three problems are almost universal, certainly among the most advanced nations, viz., the liquor and labor problems.

The land question is peculiarly British. The land-owners are the few. One-half of the soil of Scotland is in the hands of less than one hundred men. England contains 37,000,000 acres of land, and twelve persons own 1,000,000 acres. Wealth is congested in the treasures of the few, and the many are worked and taxed for their benefit. The poverty and pauperism that prevail are appalling. An analysis of it has recently been made by Mr. Charles Booth, who shares the name of the General of the Salvation Army, but is not related to him. Mr. Booth has published his facts and conclusions, and they are already quoted in Parliament, on the platform, and in the press. The bitter cry of the poor and the tolling millions is a wall that must be heard. The very extent of the discontent, the frequency of strikes, and the growth of secularizing and socialistic movements, is proof that society at large must hear the case of those whose numbers and condition plead for a reconstruction of social conditions. The concurrent testimony of observers, reformers, missionaries, clergymen, statesmen, editors, agitators, and the orators is that wage-earners in Great Britain are in revolt against the traditional economic philosophy, the ecclesiasticism of the churches, and the luxury of the upper classes, of the past and the present. The parish paper of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, in a recent issue, said: "The advocates of socialism and secularism are making their converts by thousands." The socialism alluded to is State socialism. It is revolutionary in spirit, by peaceful methods. It advocates the nationalization of the land and the municipalization of industries. For example, Ben Tilley, who has been a dockerman for twenty-five years, or since he was seven years of age, and is now the secretary of the Dockers' Union, recently testified before the "Royal Commission on Labor," and a verbatim report of his testimony has been published. He advocated the municipal control of the docks. He testified in part as follows:

"I would like to see that all profits, that all control should be under a municipal authority; that there should be no middleman. . . . If we could get the State to recognize the poor man as it does the convict, to recognize the incapable man as it does the convict, and the criminal, if we could get the State to increase the facilities to give every man a chance to learn a trade, then I think one of the most serious labor problems would be grappled with. . . . Some pension scheme other than poor law relief should be given men who are physically incapable. I would have no age limit. . . . The State has given us the hint. She provides pensions for the soldiers, who have less to do with the making of a great country than the workers. . . . Every man who has worn himself out at the mill, at the loom, at the bench, or in the mines, or at the docks, should be considered of as much value, or of greater value, than the soldier. . . . I believe that the scheme of municipal work shops and pensions would be successful. . . . The public should give employment to all persons who cannot get it otherwise."

Little needs to be said concerning the temperance or liquor question. America is far in advance of England as regards the acceptance of total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State. Another of England's public men has recently made a notable and quotable utterance on this subject. Mr. John Morley, at a Gladstonian Liberal demonstration in Warwickshire, said: "An improvement of the habits of our people in respect of temperance would probably be worth all other social reforms put together." The three L questions—land, liquor and labor—are closely related to each other. Great estate owners, including the Duke of Westminster, the Queen's wealthiest subject, are renting much of their land and many of their buildings for breweries, distilleries, public houses, and the wholesale and retail liquor trade.

The labor question, per se, receives most constant attention. It is natural that this should be so. The subdivisions of the question are the same as in America—cheap labor at alleged starvation prices; over-work; Sunday work; a weekly half-holiday; organized and unorganized labor; strikes; boycotting; an eight-hour law; State boards of inquiry and arbitration, etc.

What are the State and the churches doing to afford relief and remedies? Legislation is called for constantly. At present the most searching Parliamentary inquiry is making that has ever been made. A "Royal Commission on Labor" has been appointed, of which the Marquis of Hartington is chairman. The Commission includes the Earl of Derby, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a member of the present administration, Professor Marshall, the best political economist since John Stuart Mill, and six other members of Parliament of high reputation. The Commission has classified the modes of labor into three groups, and is inviting the testimony of laborers, trades-union officials, agitators, employers, capitalists, and all others who can give information on the subject. The testimony is published verbatim, at short intervals, in pamphlet form, and is widely circulated and read. Thus far the revelation has been that labor is becoming more and more highly organized; that the labor unions are producing able and efficient leaders as organizers, editors, and lecturers; that in some of the most populous cities there is more contentment than formerly; and that the common difficulty is not to recognize and state grievances, but to propose and realize practicable remedies.

"I do not believe," says Mr. Morley, "in short cuts in these great social matters." But most of the remedies proposed are "short cuts." No single remedy can be sufficient. Co-operation was once regarded as the panacea; but not so now. Sidney Webb, himself a State Socialist, says:—

"A little generation of experiment has done little more than show the futility of expecting real help from this quarter. Less than 1,400 part of the industry of the country is yet carried on by co-operation. . . . No ground for hope in co-operation as a complete answer to the social problem can be gained from economic science. . . . Ordinary joint stock investment is already a hundred and sixty times as great as co-operation. . . . Nearly twice as much capital is already invested by town councils in a single industry (gas supply) as the whole twelve millions of the accumulations of the 1,500 co-operative societies."

The simple fact is, that the disorders of society are multifarious, and they must be remedied by multiplying curative agencies. Co-operation, profit-sharing, agitation, conferences between employers and employed, legislation, university settlements, evangelistic aggressiveness, all assist progress toward an ultimate social state far better than the present.

"The ministers and the churches of the Old World have worse conditions to deal with than the American representatives of Christianity, and have had to deal with them longer because of the age of their several countries. Hence it is not surprising that in this particular, contrary to what is true in most respects, they show a boldness and zeal in advance of Americans. How can they fall to be aggressive, inasmuch as the gap between themselves and the wage-earning classes is so wide? In London there are 40 avowed infidel clubs or meetings, and three-fourths of them are among the wage-earning classes of the East End. Not five per cent. of the working classes of England are communicants of the Established Church. The ministers frequently select such subjects for sermons as the following: "The Church and the Labor Movement," "The Alienation of the Working People from the Churches." They hold after-meetings where a free and open conference on the subject considered is held. Workmen then state their own beliefs and reasons. Good is undoubtedly done by the initiative taken and the freedom of speech conceded. The English Wesleyans are, as usual, in the advance position on this subject. They have recently submitted the following questions to representative men of all denominations:—

1. What are the best means in general of bringing the artisans to Christ?
2. What are the present obstacles in the way of accomplishing this?
3. In what relation does personal influence stand to organized church agencies?
4. Is reliance to be mainly placed on the personal (not social) influence of the artisan class upon each other?
5. How far is the personal visitation of Christian people—ministers, lay agents, or voluntary visitors—an agency of special value in dealing with the artisan class?
6. Is there any necessity for special and separate organization in order to bring religious influence to bear effectively upon the artisan class?
7. Is it to be regarded as beyond expectations that the same church organization should meet the needs of all classes—higher or lower?
8. What should be done in regard to the provision of slum dwellings?
9. Have mission halls a special value in dealing with the artisan class?
10. Is it desirable that there should be any special provision in the way of social accommodation and fellowship for the advancement of artisans? If so, under what regulations should such provision be made, and with what guards for maintaining Christian influence throughout and making all contribute to the great and personal conversion and practical Christian training?

In the recent Congregational Council in London, Dr. James J. Fyfe, in an address on the British Colonies, spoke specifically of the spirit of Australian ministers, and credited them with the courage of their convictions. He said: "In great controversies between capital and labor we have from all our pulpits delivered the message of Christ to rich and poor, employers and employed, without fear or favor."

An exception to the general relations of wage-earners of the churches exists in Wales. Rev. Dr. Evans, one of the most eloquent Welsh Congregational preachers, who has been sought in vain for London pulpits, says:—

"The working men of Wales have not deserted our chapels; they are our most devoted

Christian workers. They have found out that Congregationalism means: trust the people, educate the people, persuade them that Christ has left the future of his church greatly to their individual efforts, in dependence upon His help and blessing. Nonconformity among us has reached the laborers and farm servants and the very poor, and has done the work the Salvation Army is doing now in England and other countries."

All things considered, optimism on social questions is warranted. There is good reason for hopefulness. Progress is made daily, and this century will not close without seeing great things done in behalf of the poor and tolling masses.

London, August, 1891.

SENATOR FRYE ON PROHIBITION.

THE largest audience ever gathered at a temperance meeting in Androscongin County heard Senator Frye, at the Pine St. Congregational Church, Lewiston, Me., Sept. 6. Hundreds of people were turned away. The meeting took measures to organize a County Temperance League for the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Congressmen Dingley presided, and in a brief introductory address outlined the subject of the mass meeting, and the need of public re-awakening in regard to temperance.

Senator Frye spoke an hour and ten minutes. In opening, he pleaded ignorance of the fact that he was expected to speak, and said that he had told the committee that waited upon him that it would be impossible for him to address a mass meeting Sept. 6, because of his absence at Rangeley Lakes at that time. He had, however, seen the announcement in the newspapers, and had come without a set address. He objected to shaking over old straw, but he was willing, in obedience to the tremendous public interest in the enforcement of prohibition, to make the journey to Lewiston, and add what he could to the impetus of the movement. After an introductory discussion of the general evil of intemperance, and a denial of the oft-quoted creed of many, that it is the duty of each man to look after himself and that we are not our neighbor's keeper, the Senator said:—

"No one in this audience will differ with me relative to the evils of this Moloch monster, intemperance, unless, perhaps, it be the rumrunner, and I ask: Is he entitled to an opinion? Is his opinion worth anything? My deliberate judgment is, and I measure my words, that there is no worse man to be found than the rumrunner, and so far from his opinion being worth anything in this question as to whether liquor shall be sold freely over the bar to whomsoever desires to tempt, I think that if every rumrunner in the country were in jail to-day, the country would be ten thousand times better off than it now is."

To plead the cause of the devotees of temperance, Senator Frye commended the fanatic as a class, and said of Neal Dow:—

"There is no man in America who has tormented me, politically, more than he. He is always making threats at the Republican Party—morning, noon and night—but I say that if he will keep on sticking the knife into the rumrunner at the same time, he may keep on tormenting any political party he chooses. I say, thank God for the fanatic! Neal Dow started this law, and it is the best law in the world, the very enemy of the rumrunner, and the law that has made Maine pre-eminent in the suppression of liquor-selling, not only in America, but throughout the world."

Senator Frye claimed that law was the only remedy for the evil of intemperance; denied that the habits of Europe tended to temperance, because of the prevalence of light wines and beers; asserted that France was deteriorating by abstinent drinking, Italy by cheap and strong liquors, Germany by brandy, and held that the German Emperor was alarmed by the increase of intemperance, and was issuing edicts tending toward a reduction in the growing consumption of spirits. He said:—

"License is no remedy. Liquors sold under license intoxicate as quickly as when sold illegally under Glasgow, Scotland, or Ireland. Scotland, however, was prevented from seeing the great iron ship-building plants in operation, because of a fair held for but one day in that city. For its fair the workmen saved so much and drank so hard that the great ship building plants, employing 5,000 men, had to shut down a gut day until the men got sober. If you license rum-drinking to make men sober, then why not license thieving to make them honest, and prostitution to make them virtuous?"

He related a conversation he had with the late Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, in which the distinguished vice-president of the Southern Confederacy told of the country of Liberia, which had the first iron ship-building plant ever passed in America, over twenty years ago. "This country," said Mr. Stephens, "was the happiest, richest, best educated, most orderly county of Georgia, and the year I lived there was the only year of my life I remember in which I was perfectly well."

In closing, Senator Frye called on the mayor and the county executive officers to enforce the law, and ended with a powerful exhortation to the people to stand by the laws.

INFORMATIVE PARAGRAPHS.

—There is a growing opposition in Canada to Chinese immigration, which is larger this year than it has been for several years past.

—The Minneapolis Board of Trade rejects the proposition of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce for a union of the two cities.

—Two of the census bulletins which Superintendent Porter has issued show a considerable increase in crime in this country.

—The colored cotton pickers in the South are organizing an Alliance, and they will refuse after Sept. 1 to pick cotton for less than \$1 for 100 pounds and board.

—More than 10,000 of the Italians who have sought homes in the Argentine Republic during the past few years have left that country this year because the Government did not keep the promises by which it drew them there, and they could not make a living.

—A memorial in the interest of woman suffrage was sent to the most important religious body in South Australia—the Wesleyan—and a resolution that in the opinion of the Conference women were entitled to the vote with men was carried not only by the Wesleyans, but by the Baptists, Congregationalists, Bible Christians, and, it need scarcely be added, the Society of Friends.

—Salvation Army sisters now look after the temporal and spiritual welfare of eighteen districts in London alone. They are as well by nursing and visiting sisters, and admittedly are doing much good among the poorest of the poor. In the window of every slum house is displayed this card:—

"NOTICE.—The Salvation Army Nursing and Visiting Sisters are ready any hour, day or night, to help the sick or dying. Apply within. Freely done for Christ's sake."

—Boston is now expending nearly or quite two and a quarter millions of dollars annually upon her schools and school-houses—a sum larger than is expended for educational purposes by any one of 30 States, and larger than is used for like purposes by any other city in the country except four, and the sum per capita is larger than in any one of those four cities, viz.: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

Do you know that you can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it?

Do you know that Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney?

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

PITTSBURGH. GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.

Wanted, Courage.



An old proverb declares that great talents have been lost for want of a little courage. So too have great bargains.

Don't fall under the domination of a weak-kneed prudence in examining this superb Sideboard, for it is marked at a price which will ensure its speedy sale and delay is dangerous. If it answers your needs, it needs an answer immediately.

The wood is the rare Pollard Oak with its heavy, rich coloring; the trimmings are of a sunburst pattern, specially designed; the carving is in delicate relief in the style of the Renaissance.

There are two upper shelves with three massive plate mirrors. The board is superbly grained and fully six feet wide. Both the side drawers are velvet lined, and one has triple compartments; there are three glass closets, and the fashionable arrangement of four front legs adds beauty and stability.

JUST ISSUED: General Catalogue of 1891 styles, square 8vo. 288 pages, over 300 illustrations. One copy free, on receipt of five cent stamps for postage and wrapping.

Paine's Furniture Co.

48 CANAL ST. (South Side Boston) & Maine Street

CORTICELLI Wash Embroidery

Silk, Unfaded, Washable, and Durable. This is the best way to buy Wash Silk. The spool keeps the silk clean, prevents shop-wear, and saves your time. This is also the best size for most kinds of fancy work. Buyers should look for the size EE and the brand "Corticelli" on one end of the spool; on the other the words "Wash Silk—Fast Color" should appear. "Porcelain Home Needlework" for 1891 is now ready. It teaches how to make from Corticelli's Finest Silk Crocheted Silks, Sewing Machine, Ribbon, Beaded Bags, Marquise Lace, etc., 60 pages, fully illustrated. This book will be mailed free on receipt of 5c. Mention your NOTUCUT SILK CO., 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

This is the best way to buy Wash Silk.

The spool keeps the silk clean, prevents shop-wear, and saves your time. This is also the best size for most kinds of fancy work. Buyers should look for the size EE and the brand "Corticelli" on one end of the spool; on the other the words "Wash Silk—Fast Color" should appear. "Porcelain Home Needlework" for 1891 is now ready. It teaches how to make from Corticelli's Finest Silk Crocheted Silks

Our Book Table.

The Right Road. By John W. Kramer. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, \$1.25.

This "hand-book for parents and teachers" is divided into four parts, each of which is admirable in itself. "Duty to Self," "Duty to Others," "Duty to God," is a general statement of the matter treated in such a way as to make it very helpful both to parents and teachers in training the young. It is a most admirable presentation, and should be ranked in style, comprehensiveness and suggestiveness with those kindred volumes by Arthur F. Hall. The lessons—so they may be called—are made doubly interesting by the apt illustrative stories that are frequently told.

EDMUND BURKE. By A. J. George, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

The speeches and orations of Edmund Burke are as classical and exemplary as the essays of Addison. Burke was the greatest orator of an English era which produced great orators—Pitt, Fox, Sheridan. His speeches on the attitude of the Crown towards the American colonies are his best. Passages of remarkable eloquence can be found, the equal of which it will be difficult to produce, and the fact that he was pacifist at the time of the American Revolution, should make his speeches especially acceptable to American youth and students. Mr. George has well edited the volume, and furnished scholarly notes.

THE EPWORTH HYMNAL. No. 2. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 25 cents.

Probably this is the best and choicest collection of hymns and songs for use in the church, Sunday-school, etc., that has yet been published. There is a sufficient variety in the words and music to make it especially delightful. Frequently, in books of this kind, there has been a monotonous sameness, which in the social and devotional meetings has rather lowered their spirit and tone. But we trust that this new number of the Epworth Hymnal will receive a warm and cordial welcome in all of our churches.

DEPARTED SOULS. By Rev. J. N. Fradenburgh, Ph. D., D. D., Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, \$1.25.

In this capital volume the author has endeavored to present the gods which our racial ancestors worshipped and believed in. This includes Zeus, Artemis, Hercules, etc., etc. of course connected with this presentation is an exposition—how we may term it—of the mythologies of the world. It is, in a word, a clear and concise study, in part, of comparative religions. No book of this size and compass gives, to our knowledge, better or more thorough information upon this subject. And because Dr. Fradenburgh is in the first place trained in mythology only incidentally, and because he portrays the antique religions, his volume is a help to a comprehensive grasp of the value and worth of the ever-new religion of which Jesus Christ is the living Priest.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS. By Fanny Boston: D. L. Thompson Company. \$1.50.

This is one of Fanny's best stories, full of good humor, helpfulness, and strength. It is a book to be read by Christian Endeavorers and King's Daughters everywhere. There is a plain and homely practicality about all her things which has done great good to many poor people. And this latest volume, a "Christy's Endeavor," will but add to her reputation.

We have received a copy of **THE PASTOR'S MISSIONARY MANUAL**, by Rev. James Mudge, D. D., just issued by the Missionary Society of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

A very brief examination suffices to show that it is something which every pastor who wishes to be in a position to do the best work for the missionary cause in his parish, ought carefully to have. We are informed that the New England Conference Missionary Society, of which Dr. Mudge has been for a number of years the efficient secretary, deems it the best way of using a part of its funds to send a copy of this book to all the pastors of the Conference, expecting that it will operate like incense in producing a plentiful harvest of enthusiasm and money for the treasury. We hope the members of all the other Conferences in New England, and indeed in the country, will take haste to supply themselves with a copy of this book, or to the Depository in Boston.

It costs only 25 cents, and for this small sum are given 125 large, closely printed pages packed with just the things best fitted to stimulate and inform the mind concerning the missionary operations of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A very wide range of reading and experience has poured its best fruit into these pages, and no one can peruse them without much profit. Such of the laity as are specially interested in missions, or want to be well up to get it also, it is scarcely needful to tell them for the pastors. This is a specially true of the last three of the 125 chapters that make up the book, entitled: "Heart Throbs of Missionary Service," "The Noble Spirit of the Native Converts," and "Nuggets and Anecdotes." Let everybody get this most timely book.

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. L. F. Young. (Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Price, 30 cents.) This little volume embraces a series of studies in Bible and church history, arranged by questions and answers, and is designed for the use of Epworth Leagues. We think they will appreciate it, use it, and profit by it. As we were saying, by Charles Dudley Warner. (Harper & Brothers: New York.) A series of charming little literary papers on entertaining topics, evidently taken from the Editor's Drawer in *Harper's Magazine*. It is illustrated by Harry Whitney. Mr. Whitney's others. — **STORIES OF INDUSTRY.** Vol. I. By A. Chase and E. G. Brown. (Boston: Educational Publishing Company.) The title of this little book explains its nature. It is a series of interesting tales on subjects that will lead our youth to a better understanding and knowledge of the different trades and manufactures that are carried on in the great world around them. It is a most valuable book, full of practical interest. — **HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.** By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. (New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, 20 cents.) This volume offers five simple talks to young people on the vital subject. They first appear in the columns of the *Christian Union*, an excellent cluster of suggestions for all children who are, or wish to be, Christians. — **SEE FINE.** By Jennie M. Drake and Ella A. Drinkwater. (New York: Ward & Drummond.) A delightful and charming story, the upshot of which is to prove that women are not of such great importance as men think. — **THE POWER OF A GENTLEMAN.** By Fannie E. Newberry. (Boston: Bradley & Woodruff.) And here is a story that proves the opposite of the above; for Gerald Allen was not for nothing the successful man he is, but for his gentleness. The story is helpful, interesting, and pleasantly written. — **ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE, AND OTHER THINGS.** By Beatrice Whitby. (New York:

D. Appleton & Co.) A book of very pleasant tales which will divert and entertain the mind. They are better calculated for women than for men; indeed, this mark is very strong upon them. — **TWO GRASS ON A BANQUET.** By V. Cecil Cotes. (New York: D. Appleton & Company.) This is another English story, of a different cast and spirit than the preceding ones, but withal as interesting. This is to be read in an idle moment's hour, and with delight. Readers will become much interested in the two girls, the barge, the barge, and Mrs. Barger, and will be filled with a desire to experience the same "long, pleasant, idle days" in "the little yellow cabin." There are 44 excellent illustrations by F. H. Townsend. — **FIRST LESSONS IN ARITHMETIC.** By Andrew J. Rickoff, A. M., LL. D. (New York: American Book Company, Agency Department, 808 Broadway.) This admirable little textbook is divided into three parts, and from the beginning of the first to the close of the last there is a regular and simple graded advance, with enough of review in the second and third parts to make it easy and more comprehensible to the pupil. It will help teachers to give oral instruction, and they should have the book.

Magazines and Periodicals.

The New England Magazine for September contains a fully illustrated article on "Edmund Burke and His Work," by A. G. McVey. "The Brass Cannon of Campobello," by Kate Gannett Wells, is an interesting paper. E. P. Powell advocates "A Pan Republic Congress." Winfield S. Nevins furnishes an illustrated article on "Summer Days at the North Shore." "The New South—A Rising Texas City," sketches the history and growth of Beaumont. Charles Howard Shinn has an informative article on "The University of California." There are also short stories, poems, etc. New England Magazine Corporation: Boston.

The August *Sanitarian* has a great deal of medical and hygienic information in its pages, besides much of sanitary value. The American News Co.: New York.

The selections which the September *Magazine of Christian Literature* make are most excellent. "A Spiritual Cyclone: The Millerite Delusion," by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker; and "The First Six Chapters of Daniel," by Francois Lenormant (translated), were prepared especially for the magazine. All kinds of subjects of more or less timely interest are offered to the readers. Rev. W. T. Sabine, D. D., ably and keenly criticizes the "Theology of Professor Drummond." "Greatest Thing in the World," The Christian Literature Co.: New York.

John T. Willis, D. D. (whose biography and portrait are given), Rev. W. E. G. Wright, Rev. Oliver P. Galloway, D. D., furnish the sermons for the September *Treasury*. "Leading Thoughts of Sermons" are provided by Canon Liddon, C. H. Spurgeon, D. MacEwen, D. D., Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., Rev. George Fairclough, Rev. John Lewis, and Rev. G. A. Gordon. There is, besides, a great deal that is of religious and theological interest in this number. New York: E. B. Treat.

The August *Pulpit* (Edwin Rose, publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.) offers a round dozen sermons by clergymen of different denominations, making altogether a most readable number. Our Day for August opens with a paper by Joseph Cook on "Disloyal Secret Oaths." Hamilton Addis follows with "English Criticism of American Social Life." Lord Salisbury's speech on "Imperial Federation of the British Empire," with comments, is given. A Monday Lecture, etc., etc., concludes the number. Boston: Our Day Publishing Co.

The *Magazine of American History* for September is a fine number. General Meritt Ross concludes "The Spaniards of Florida." Emanuel Spencer writes of the "Courtship and Marriage of Queen Isabella of Spain." The editor furnishes "Some Interesting Facts about Electricity." There are other very entertaining historical short papers, all of which make this magazine valuable. 743 Broadway, New York.

The *Eclectic* for the current month has gleaned from the reviews and magazines a nice collection of articles. Subjects political, literary, social, artistic, religious, scientific, fictional—all make up papers to satisfy all tastes. New York: E. R. Pelton, publisher.

The August *Fortnightly Review* offers the following table of contents: "The Future of Portugal," by Oswald Crawford, C. M. G.; "Goethe's Friendship with Schiller," by Professor Dowden; "The Labor Movement in Australia," by Francis Adams; "Note on a New Post," by Grant Allen; "The New Yachting," by Sir Morell Mackenzie, M. D.; "The Education of Military Officers," by Walter Wren; "Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure' and the English Romantic Drama," by John Addington Symonds; "Private Life in France in the Fourteenth Century," (1), by Mary F. Robinson; "Marriage and Free Thought," by M. J.; "The Old Economy and the New," by Professor W. Smart. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company.

The September *Companionship* is a woman's number; that is, the articles are written by women—Auntie Rivers, Lady Dilke, Eleanor Lewis, Mary B. Ford, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Countess Norraikin, Daisy O'Brien, Anna Vernon Dorsey, Mary Elliott Sewell, Elizabeth Bland, Julia Hayes Percy, etc. It is an excellent number, and the illustrations are many and fine. New York: 5th Ave., Broadway, 26th St.

CAMP MEETINGS.

Rockland District.
Nobleboro Camp-meeting.—The annual meeting of the Rockland District Camp-meeting Association was held at Nobleboro, Aug. 24-29, in charge of Presiding Elder Wharf. Notwithstanding the stormy weather, there was a good attendance, and the old time camp-meeting fire burned upon the altars. Prayer services were held in the "Temple" or church cottages at 5 and 8.30 a. m., and 1 and 6 p. m. They were seasons of much power, and it was good to be there. The love-feast, Friday morning, was a grand service. The sermons were all above the usual average. One preacher expressed the sentiment of the people when he said: "We have not had a poor service for the week." The opening sermon on Monday was

preached by Rev. S. M. Dutton, of Georgetown. Tuesday was observed as Epworth League day, and most excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. J. M. Frost, of Portland, and Rev. C. S. Cummings, of Rockland. The object and work of the League were clearly set forth. The preachers for the rest of the week were as follows, and they preached in the order named: Rev. E. Freeman, Wiscasset; Rev. V. P. Wardwell, Damariscotta; Rev. W. W. Ogier, Randolph; Rev. C. C. Phelan, Camden; Rev. C. A. Plummer, Thomaston; Rev. G. B. Chadwick, Belfast; Rev. N. LaMarsh, Seabrook. Rev. Geo. S. Chadbourne, presiding elder of the Boston District, preached two grand sermons that will be long remembered by those who heard them.

Nearly all of the thirty-two preachers who attended the meeting took some part in the services. The singing was in charge of Rev. S. L. Hanscom, of Boothbay Harbor.

Bangor District.

Piscataquis Valley Camp-meeting.—One of the most successful meetings ever held on this ground closed its twelfth annual session, Aug. 30. There seemed to be "a mind to work" both upon the part of the preachers and members. The meetings began Monday evening, Aug. 24, with a sermon by Rev. H. E. Frohock. He was followed in turn by G. H. Hamilton, C. E. Springer, C. A. Maine, J. P. Simonton, J. T. Crosby, W. Leonard, M. H. Spradley, A. Hart, H. E. Dunnack, J. R. Cluff, J. Thibault, F. H. Morgan, C. H. McKimney, L. B. Bates, and J. W. Hamilton. The brethren from other Conferences gave valuable service, and added much to the interest of the meeting. Dr. Bates took charge of the altar services while he was on the ground, and evinced great tact, zeal and wisdom in this important department of work.

Sunday was a day of great interest and profit, and the thousands who came upon the ground gave evidence of their interest by the good order and attention they gave to all the services. Quite a number gave testimony that Jesus had saved them, and many received a great uplift in their spiritual lives. The ground is being made more attractive each year. Several pretty cottages have been built during the past summer. The number tenting on the ground is steadily increasing.

THE WEEK-NIGHT PRAYER SERVICE.

How to Make it More Popular.
REV. J. A. CARR.

1. *Believe in it.* Don't harbor the thought that it may have been useful when people were not so well educated as now, and good literature was so plentiful. That idea came straight from the pit. Human nature is now what it always was. Temptations are not fewer, nor is man's natural power of resistance greater than a hundred years ago. You have a better education than your father had, and papers and magazines without stint are on your table. But education does not of itself prevent wrong doing, nor does the literature of the day furnish nourishment unadulterated for the soul. Beyond these helps every man who speaks God's name in loving reverence needs to clasp hands with other men in a common purpose if he would be filled with moral and spiritual power. And this can be done nowhere else so well as in the mid-week service for prayer and Christian conference.

2. *Talk about it.* What weekly or monthly gathering, for any purpose, will continue to interest those who never speak of it till the bell strikes the hour for assembling? Not one; not even this. Then, if you would be interested for yourself and others, talk about it from the time of its appointment. Stop offering criticisms; its enemies can distance you at that. Begin to speak in its praise. Whatsoever is good about it, speak of that. Mention it to your family at the table; speak of it to your neighbor from the steps; tell it to your acquaintance in the street; bear witness to it in making and receiving calls; and talk of it at proper times to your business associates. Urge its importance, its privileges, its helpful influence. Invite others to attend. If you miss anybody, kindly express your regret at not seeing him there. You will need to have much patience in waiting for results, it may be, but so do the husbandman as he looks for "the early and the latter rain."

3. *Prepare for it.* Don't allow the pastor to be the only man who brings a thought into the service. You meet phases of life unknown to him. You see opportunities for trusting in a leaf from the Gospel story where he does not. Remember such things, and bring them to the social service. The Gospel is the richest mine in the universe. Delve in it. Search for hid treasure. Others will bring out things old; be it yours to find things new and true. Don't think the theme is exhausted. Astronomers are scanning the heavens to-day as earnestly as though they had not already been swept by a thousand glasses, and ever and anon they discover something new. Such fortune may be yours, for God's great love doth over-arch this world of ours as the blue skies bend above us, and as the shining stars are not all known as yet.

4. *Pray for it.* I do not say in it—there is often too much of this—but for it. It will be successful, helpful, about in proportion as it has been prayed for. Let ten men join to spend five minutes a day from the time of its appointment, and neither earth nor hell can make your service a failure. Your prayers will directly influence others who may attend, and they will bring a powerful reflex influence upon your own heart. To expect great good from a service for which you have not prayed, is to suppose that one can gather grapes where no vineyard has been planted.

5. *Attend it.* Your presence will have an influence even if you do not open your lips. Yes, and so will your absence. Let nothing short of absolute duty keep you away. Don't let about it, and say you can't go, when you know you can if you will. Let it be understood that on this evening of the week you are always engaged, and

people will soon come to respect your wishes and do their business with you at other times.

6. *Take part in it.* If you can sing, do so, and don't wait for Bro. Brown or Sister Black to do it all. If you can't sing, get some friend to tell you so, and don't try. Talk! Your ideas may be as good as anybody's—your facts certainly are. Tell what you have seen, heard, read, felt, done. Get in ahead of Bro. Longwind, and don't lose your chance. Pray! God would as lief answer your prayer as that of any one. If you can't make a long prayer, be very thankful, and remember that your brethren will feel the same. Ask for what you need; expect it; and you'll get it if it be a proper thing for you to have.

Obituaries.

Nason.—Mrs. Sarah Nason, wife of Rev. Charles Nason, late of the New England Southern Conference, died in Reading, Mass., May 31, 1891, aged 75 years.

She was born in Kennebunk, Me., and converted in early life. She shared the toils of her husband in his literary many years. Her oldest son died in Andersonville prison, and her husband was in the war, serving as chaplain for several years, and was in many engagements. She died at the home of Dr. Omer Nason.

She found the grace of God sufficient in the trials of life, and the administration of death. Her husband went to heaven six years ago. She was a woman of quiet disposition, with more than ordinary executive ability, and well beloved. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her. She was buried at Pawtucket, R. I., by the side of her husband.

Glynn.—James Glynn was born in Tyngsboro, Mass., Aug. 1, 1804, and died in Lisbon, N. H., March 9, 1891.

When he was three years of age his parents moved to Springfield, Vt., where he grew up. In November, 1823, he was married to Miss Olive Bemis, of Springfield. The worthy couple moved to Haverhill, N. H., where for many years they made their home. Eight children were born to them, four of whom are still living.

About nineteen years ago Brother Glynn and family came to Lisbon, N. H., and here, for many years, he was engaged in the mercantile business. His moral and religious character was never tarnished. He lived above suspicion. His house was always open for ministers, and many have enjoyed his unstinted hospitality.

His last illness was very painful, but was borne with great patience. Death had lost its sting, and with a strong faith in the loving Christ, Brother Glynn could look on to the higher life in the land beyond where "there shall be no more death."

The funeral took place at Montgomery on Sunday afternoon amidst general expressions of regret and sympathy.

Bickford.—Mrs. Sarah J., wife of Levi C. Bickford, died in Piermont, N. H., Aug. 24, 1891, in the 81st year of her age. She was born in Coventry, Vt.

Sister Bickford was converted when nine years of age. July 3, 1858, she was married to Levi C. Bickford, of Piermont, where she spent most of the remainder of her life. During the pastorate of Rev. M. T. Gilley, about twenty-three years ago, she united with the M. E. Church, which, by her death, loses one of its most faithful and active workers. In the Sunday school she was especially missed. She was an active temperance worker, and in a small place, where the members of the W. C. T. U. were necessarily few, she was ever among the foremost to promote the good work among the people. Her efforts in particular were speakers from the State organization secured and much good done.

Her voice is silent, her work on earth is ended, but her influence remains. Though her last sickness brought much bodily suffering, her faith triumphed victoriously. In her last moments, as though already permitted to look upon the scenes immortal, she called the names of near and dear departed ones, and shouted for joy that she was at last among them. For her to live was Christ, and to die was gain. Her husband, three children, and a beloved adopted daughter mourn their loss.

Sherburne.—Mrs. Lucretia C. Sherburne, of Eastport, Me., departed this for the heavenly life, after some three weeks of illness, June 11, 1891. She was born in St. Andrews, N. B., in 1800.

Her maiden name was Handy, and at the age of sixteen she was married to Lavitt C. Sherburne, of Bangor, Me. In 1830 the family moved from St. Andrews to Eastport, where she has since lived.

In March, 1848, her husband died, leaving her with a family of twelve children, the youngest but seven weeks old. Eight of the children are now living, and the most of them are trusting in their mother's God.

Sister Sherburne experienced religion under the labors of Rev. Z. Blair, who was pastor of the church at Eastport in 1851. She was loved and respected by all who knew her, both in the church and out of it, and it is not saying too much when we affirm that she was a remarkable woman, one of the excellent of the earth; her noble, pure, social womanly spirit and dignified Christian character challenged respect, and were a constant reproach to her detractors. It was indeed refreshing to notice with what love and reverence she was held by her large circle of grandchildren, and how naturally she reciprocated their love and interest in her.

For many years Sister Sherburne's home was with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Harris, who, with her family, lived in the same place. She loved to have her with them and to minister to her wants. Her last sickness was brief and at times very painful, yet it was beautiful to witness her self-forgetfulness in the interests of others, and the precious Gospel of Christ was made to appear more truly dear to her heart than ever before. Thus, in full possession of all her faculties and with full assurance of faith, surrounded by dear ones, her spirit took its flight and entered into rest.

Foster.—David Foster was born in Westfield, Mass., July 31, 1806, and died in Camden, Me., March 10, 1891.

Brother Foster joined the M. E. Church in Camden in the year 1852. He soon became a valuable addition to the church; always at his post as a faithful soldier. He was a man with fixed principles—principles that accomplished their end, and a good citizen, a neighbor and a man of reform alone in the town, and cared little for adverse criticism. A liberal supporter of the Gospel and all other things that tended toward the elevation of the morals of the people, after almost forty years of active service in the church, he, leaning heavily upon the strong staff of faith, descended the hill of physical strength to ascend the hill of Zion. Fading out gently and slowly as did the spring day, he closed his eyes here, leaving an afterglow in which his aged wife lingers for the coming of the hallowed-footed messenger with summing bidding her home. The church misses the well-known form and familiar voice, but rejoice that "it is well with his soul." Long may Sister Foster wait with us to help us on our way!

Fuller.—Died, at Ludlow Centre, Mass., June 17, 1891, Edmund W. Fuller, aged 80 years. Brother Fuller was a resident of Ludlow nearly all his life, and was a good citizen, a neighbor and a man of reform alone in the town, and cared little for adverse criticism. A liberal supporter of the Gospel and all other things that tended toward the elevation of the morals of the people, after almost forty years of active service in the church, he, leaning heavily upon the strong staff of faith, descended the hill of physical strength to ascend the hill of Zion. Fading out gently and slowly as did the spring day, he closed his eyes here, leaving an afterglow in which his aged wife lingers for the coming of the hallowed-footed messenger with summing bidding her home. The church misses the well-known form and familiar voice, but rejoice that "it is well with his soul." Long may Sister Foster wait with us to help us on our way!

glorious vision of Christ took away all fear. He greatly enjoyed the social means of grace and may have been born again at his home."

G. F. D.

Whitney.—Died, at Ludlow, Mass., August 16, 1891, Adia Whitney, aged 71 years. He was born in Dana, Mass., in 1820.

Brother Whitney was converted at Ludlow when about fifteen years of age, and soon united with the Presbyterian Church in that town. In 1842 he came to the Ludlow Centre M. E. Church, since which time he has been a prominent worker, holding official position many years and being several times appointed class-leader.

His Christian experience held out to the last, brightening as he neared the end. His last hours were characterized by such an assurance of faith as led him to utter shouts of victory. His last words were a repeated "Hallelujah." A heavenly smile played around his lips a moment, and the soul was gone.

Brother Whitney was a prominent citizen, holding place on the school board some years. He leaves a wife and one daughter, having lost a former wife and one son.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. H. Adams, a former pastor, and attended by a large number of friends and neighbors.

G. F. D.

Clapp.—George Leavitt Clapp was born Oct. 8, 1832, and died Aug. 8, 1891.

Brother Clapp had been a most useful and exemplary member of society for many years. He had the great advantage of pure ancestry and a good religious training. He was the son of Hon. Joshua Clapp, and grandson of Capt. Josiah Clapp, the first settler in Montgomery. On Dec. 16, 1856, Mr. Clapp married Miss H. M. Fuller, daughter of Dr. B. W. Fuller, who, with two children, William and Lottie, mourns her loss.

He joined the Methodist Church at Montgomery early in life, and up to the time of his death was an active worker and always loyal to the church of his choice. He was appointed recording steward, and sustained this position to the time of his decease. For a number of years he was the superintendent of the Sunday school, but was compelled a few years before his death, through failing health, to relinquish the office. The ex-colleagues of our brother were solid rather than brilliant. He was not an impulsive man, but one whose word could be relied upon. He delighted in the service of God, and showed his love for the means of grace by his regular attendance. Socially he was pleasant and agreeable, with a lively appreciation of the humorous, and was easy and genial in conversation. His moral and religious character was never tarnished. He lived above suspicion. His house was always open for ministers, and many have enjoyed his unstinted hospitality.

His last illness was very painful, but was borne with great patience. Death had lost its sting, and with a strong faith in the loving Christ, Brother Clapp could look on to the higher life in the land beyond where "there shall be no more death."

The funeral took place at Montgomery on Sunday afternoon amidst general expressions of regret and sympathy.

WILLIAM F. HAWKE.

Bickford.—Mrs. Sarah J., wife of Levi C. Bickford, died in Piermont, N. H., Aug. 24, 1891, in the 81st year of her age. She was born in Coventry, Vt.

Sister Bickford was converted when nine years of age. July 3, 1858, she was married to Levi C. Bickford, of Piermont, where she spent most of the remainder of her life. During the pastorate of Rev. M. T. Gilley, about twenty-three years ago, she united with the M. E. Church, which, by her death, loses one of its most faithful and active workers. In the Sunday school she was especially missed. She was an active temperance worker, and in a small place, where the members of the W. C. T. U. were necessarily few, she was ever among the foremost to promote the good work among the people. Her efforts in particular were speakers from the State organization secured and much good done.

Her voice is silent, her work on earth is ended, but her influence remains. Though her last sickness brought much bodily suffering, her faith triumphed victoriously. In her last moments, as though already permitted to look upon the scenes immortal, she called the names of near and dear departed ones, and shouted for joy that she was at last among them. For her to live was Christ, and to die was gain. Her husband, three children, and a beloved adopted daughter mourn their loss.

Sherburne.—Mrs. Lucretia C. Sherburne, of Eastport, Me., departed this for the heavenly life, after some three weeks of illness, June 11, 1891. She was born in St. Andrews, N. B., in 1800.

Her maiden name was Handy, and at the age of sixteen she was married to Lavitt C. Sherburne, of Bangor, Me. In 1830 the family moved from St. Andrews to Eastport, where she has since lived.

In March, 1848, her husband died, leaving her with a family of twelve children, the youngest but seven weeks old. Eight of the children are now living, and the most of them are trusting in their mother's God.

Sister Sherburne experienced religion under the labors of Rev. Z. Blair, who was pastor of the church at Eastport in 1851. She was loved and respected by all who knew her, both in the church and out of it, and it is not saying too much when we affirm that she was a remarkable woman, one of the excellent of the earth; her noble, pure, social womanly spirit and dignified Christian character challenged respect, and were a constant reproach to her detractors. It was indeed refreshing to notice with what love and reverence she was held by her large circle of grandchildren, and how naturally she reciprocated their love and interest in her.

For many years Sister Sherburne's home was with her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Harris, who, with her family, lived in the same place. She loved to have her with them and to minister to her wants. Her last sickness was brief and at times very painful, yet it was beautiful to witness her self-forgetfulness in the interests of others, and the precious Gospel of Christ was made to appear more truly dear to her heart than ever before. Thus, in full possession of all her faculties and with full assurance of faith, surrounded by dear ones, her spirit took its flight and entered into rest.

Foster.—David Foster was born in Westfield, Mass., July 31, 1806, and died in Camden, Me., March 10, 1891.

Brother Foster joined the M. E. Church in Camden in the year 1852. He soon became a valuable addition to the church; always at his post as a faithful soldier. He was a man with fixed principles—principles that accomplished their end, and a good citizen, a neighbor and a man of reform alone in the town, and cared little for adverse criticism. A liberal supporter of the Gospel and all other things that tended toward the elevation of the morals of the people, after almost forty years of active service in the church, he, leaning heavily upon the strong staff of faith, descended the hill of physical strength to ascend the hill of Zion. Fading out gently and slowly as did the spring day, he closed his eyes here, leaving an afterglow in which his aged wife lingers for the coming of the hallowed-footed messenger with summing bidding her home. The church misses the well-known form and familiar voice, but rejoice that "it is well with his soul." Long may Sister Foster wait with us to help us on our way!

Fuller.—Died, at Ludlow Centre, Mass., June 17, 1891, Edmund W. Fuller, aged 80 years. Brother Fuller was a resident of Ludlow nearly all his life, and was a good citizen, a neighbor and a man of reform alone in the town, and cared little for adverse criticism. A liberal supporter of the Gospel and all other things that tended toward the elevation of the morals of the people, after almost forty years of active service in the church, he, leaning heavily upon the strong staff of faith, descended the hill of physical strength to ascend the hill of Zion. Fading out gently and slowly as did the spring day, he closed his eyes here, leaving an afterglow in which his aged wife lingers for the coming of the hallowed-footed messenger with summing bidding her home. The church misses the well-known form and familiar voice, but rejoice that "it is well with his soul." Long may Sister Foster wait with us to help us on our way!

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DELICIOUS MINCE PIES EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. NONE SUCH CONDENSED Mince Meat.

100

The Family.

DAY BY DAY.

With staff and shoon I journey,
Up hill the way I take,
Past many a tangled thicket
O'ergrown with briar and brake;
And oft my feet are weary,
And oft my steps are slow,
But day by day I'm nearer
The land to which I go.

The foes who hate my Master
Have spread the path with snares,
In hope to stay my progress
And catch me unaware.
But ever to my spirit
New light and strength are given,
For never hosts of evil
Shall bar my road to heaven.

Far worse than all temptations
That lure me from without
Are gruesome clouds and terrors
That compass me about.
Dear Lord, Thine eye can measure
The strife of tears within,
And Thou canst guide me safely,
Unscathed by shame or sin.

With staff and shoon I journey,
And still before mine eyes
The Lord who goes before me
Holds up a radiant prize.
And though I faint and falter
I yet shall overcome,
And win with saints and angels,
The endless rest at home.

And sweet it is when tired,
Because the way is long,
To pause beside a milestone
And lift a pilgrim's song.
For who shall lose his courage
However steep the way,
Who, with the Lord to help him,
Fares onward day by day?

—MRS. M. E. SANSTON, in *Congregationalist*.

September.

All golden in the autumn sun
The waving corn fields shine;
Purple and full of juicy
The grapes hang in the vine.

A blessing hovers in the air,
As earth, from toil released,
Holds, with a hush upon her face,
Her sweet communion feast.

—BESSIE CHANDLER, in *September Lippincott's*.

AS A FLOWER.

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Darkness is passing; the sun is in sight;
Morning with splendor is piercing life through,
Arrows of radiance and spear tips of dew.

Glad is the heart in the Holy One's birth!
Lo, the new heavens! and lo, the new earth!
Scattered and dead are the phantoms of night;
Christ is the victor and Christ is the light!

Open your heart and His love will shine in,
Cleansing and healing the hurt of your sin;
Who can resist Him, the Saviour, the Son?
He lies before Him and heaven is won.

Open your heart as a flower to the light!
Bloom and bear fruit in the glory of right!
Be of His presence a perfume, a ray,
Child of the morning and heir of the day!

—LUCY LARCOM, in *Independent*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Lo! the last clusters! pluck them every one,
And let us up with summer, ere the gleam
Of autumn sets the year's pent sorrow free;
And the woods will like echoes from the sea.

—Rosetti.

Do not look forward to the changes and
chances of this life in fear; rather look to
them with full hope that, as they arise, God,
whose you are, will deliver you out of them.
He has kept you hitherto—do you but hold
fast to His dear hand, and He will lead you
safely through all things; and when you
cannot stand, He will bear you in His arms.
Do not look forward to what may happen to-
morrow; the same everlasting Father who
cares for you today will take care of you to-
morrow, and every day. Either He will
shield you from suffering, or He will give you
unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace
then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and
imaginings. —Francis de Sales.

"Give us grace that we may daily endeavor
ourselves to follow the blessed steps of
His most holy life." Now, what are those
steps? Perhaps you are not even looking to
see what they are, let alone following them.
Following the steps is quite a different thing
from thinking to follow one's own idea of the
general direction of a course. If you would
only take one Gospel, and read it through
with the earnest purpose of noting, by the
Holy Spirit's guidance, what the steps of
Jesus are, you would soon see distinctly
whether you are following or not, far more
clearly than by reading any amount of books
about it, or consulting any number of human
counselors. Take for to-day only one indi-
cation of what those steps were: "Who went
about doing good." Do your steps correspond
with that? It is not "went about doing no
harm," but actively and positively "doing
good." —Frances Ridley Havergal.

Here is the sorrow, the sighing,
Here are the clouds and the night;
Here is the sickness, the dying,
There is the life and the light.

Here is the fading, the wasting,
The foe that so watchfully waits;
There are the hills everlasting,
The city with beautiful gates.

Here are the locks growing hoary,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the crown and the glory,
The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
There is the blessed train of the vision,
The feast, and the fullness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a tremble,
And here is the chattering rind;
There are the song and the cymbal,
And there is our Father and God.

—Alice Cary.

How is it with ourselves? Each one had
better ask himself the question in the quiet
now and then. Are our homes more tender
than they were a year ago, or have love grown
dimmer in them? Are we closer to each
other's hearts, or more wrapped up in silent
selves? Do we spring more readily for those
who call us by the home-names, or do the
old sounds make eyes a little colder than
look? Are the year's best festivals the anni-
versaries of the home-love—the meeting-
day, the engagement-day, the marriage-day,
the birth-days and the death-days? It is
not bread you chiefly owe your family,
father. It is not mended clothes, mother.
It is not errands done and lessons learnt,
children, that make your part. It is the
way in which the part, whatever it be, is
done that makes the part. The time comes
when we would almost give our right hand,
could we recall some harsh word, some in-
different, cutting manner, some needless self-
opposition. Happy we, if the one gone out
from our homes into the unseen home has
left us no such ache to bring the bitter tears!
"Too late—too late to love him as we
might, and let him know it!" "Too late to
let her know that we knew she was sweet!"
Among all "might-have-beens" does the

wide world hold another one so sad? There
is only one way to make that sad thought die
—and that is to clear untenderness utterly
from heart and from the manner towards the
others who still make home a home to us,
to redouble thoughtfulness for them, and
try to fill up the measure of the missed love
there. When, at last, the tenderness of our
better service is blossoming evenly, unfa-
ltering, on the roof of that old and memory,
perhaps we can feel self-forgiven and at
peace. —Rev. W. C. Gannett.

To want to do some useful labor in the
world, to think that useless life is only pre-
mature death, to find ourselves apparently
shut out from usefulness, and yet to believe
that God wants us to grow into His likeness
by whom all the work of the great working
universe proceeds—that is indeed a puzzle to
one's faith. It may be that God is giving
you plentiful chance of work for Him. Your
days went singing by, each winged with some
enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you
loved. Then it was easy to believe that He
was training you; His contact with your life
was manifest; the use He made of you was
very clear. By and by came a change. He
took all that away. He snatched your work
out of your hands, or made your hands so
weak with sickness that they let it drop them-
selves. What then? Have you been able
still, in idleness, in what seems uselessness,
to keep the assurance of His care for you?
Have you been able still to be satisfied with
knowing just that here you were, ready to be
used if He wanted to use you, ready also to
be laid aside if He thought best? That has de-
pended upon whether you did work with Him
really brought you to know Him. If it did
it in it all, while you delighted in doing it,
the principal blessing of it all was that it per-
mitted you to look into God's soul and see
how self-complete and perfect and supreme
He was; how, after all His workings, it was
not in His works but in His nature, not in His
doing but in His being, that God's glory lay;
if as you worked with Him, you really
looked into His nature and discerned all this
—then when He takes your work away and
bids you no longer to do good and obedient
things, but only to be good and obedient,
surely that is not the death of faith. That
may be faith's transfiguration. You can be
idle for Him, if so He wills, with the same
joy with which you once labored for Him.
The sick-bed or the prison is as welcome as
the harvest-field or the battle-field, when once
your soul has come to value the sake of His
the privilege of seeking and of finding Him.
—Phillips Brooks.

AUNT MARTHA SAYS HER SAY.

"D.O. child, take time to live as you go
along," said Aunt Martha to me one
day.

The words were "spoken in season and
fitly chosen," and gave a new turn to my life,
and I am going to write down what followed,
so that some other woman may hear what
Aunt Martha had to say.

She was a little woman, with kindly face
set in soft gray hair, with the brightest eyes
showing behind glistening gold-rimmed
"specs," and her seventy years had been
lived faithfully to her God and to herself.

As far from selfishness as ever a woman
could be, yet she preached and practiced the
glorification of self as I never knew another
to do.

It was toward the close of a busy, hur-
rying Saturday; little things upstairs and down
had claimed my attention all day, and at the
moment that Aunt Martha spoke I was agoni-
zing over the trimming of a bonnet, not be-
cause I needed the article, but because it
was part of the week's work I had set for my-
self. The boys would not act themselves
gracefully under my nervous fingers, and the
bit of bias velvet refused to stretch a required
half-inch in length. Just then the door-bell
sounded, and my exclamation of dismay at
the prospect of a visitor, called forth aunt's
remark, and clinched the thought that to be-
grudge one's time to a friend for the sake of
a few ribbon bows was anything but a sane
state of mind.

Away went the offending bonnet; ribbons,
lace and pins were all tumbled into the con-
venient box, and turning to the open fire
I showed off the threads into the blaze, and
dropping down on the hearth-rug, gazed into
the heart of the glow like an old Persian fire-
worshiper. Aunt Martha knew I was ready
for a talk, and she took up her knitting.

"That's right, my dear," she began, "the
world will do as well and you'll do far better
without that bonnet to-morrow. I sometimes
wish the good Book had said: 'Remember
Saturday night to keep it holy.' Sunday
would be smoother if it had. I've been watch-
ing some time, and you're getting no good of
yourself, child," she continued. Human
beings are a sight of trouble to start with,
teething and measles and the rest, but just as
soon as they're old enough to be something
away they go, rush and scramble from Mon-
day morning till Saturday night with no at-
tention to the best part; as if we weren't
made just a little lower than the angels and
expected to live up to that pitch."

The old lady's needles ceased their click
as her voice increased in earnestness. "I'm sick
of this cry of 'no time! no time!' " she said.
"As we're going to have all forever and for-
ever, we might enjoy a little of it while we
have these wonderful bodies. I hate this talk
about worms of the earth, and poor miserable
beings; 'tis a fine compliment to the Lord
who breathed into each one of us the breath
of life. He stamped a different 'I' on each
soul, different from every other 'I' in good-
ness. I know how many billions and billions
of thought you and me of as much consequence
as that, we ought to do all we can to keep up
our end."

"But, Aunt Martha," I protested, giving
the fire a vigorous poke, "many people are
suffering down by circumstances, and they
all their lives to the grindstone, that cultiva-
tion of what you call the best part is an ac-
tual impossibility."

"Don't talk circumstances to me, Jane
[auntie generally called me Joanne], anybody
can keep his soul on top, for that's where the
Lord meant it should be, and His blessing
worth while makes its own circumstances.
The Lord will help the child who respects
and tends the part which the great Creator
made in His own image; is that to be dwarfed
and smothered that there may be one more
embroidered doyley in the world, or an extra
frill on a petticoat?"

"Now, I'm the last one to advise anybody
to lace through life [and I knew from experi-
ence she was]; but this out-of-breath scram-
ble isn't living at all, and we lose the every-
day getting ready to enjoy the to-morrows
which never come. We'll never travel over-
to-day, and every one ought to lift us just a
mite up, or it is worse than lost."

"Now, my boy John hardly knows that
the Lord has trusted the children to him to
finish off for Him, he's so busy toilet and
mollify every day for when Sunday comes
it's his hurry, scurry, just the same, to
church twice and to Sunday-school, where
John teaches Mr. Lee's boys, Mr. Lee teaches
John's, and it's early to bed for the whole
tired family so as to get a fair start to begin
all over again Monday morning."

"But, Aunt Martha, how can you disap-
prove of church and Sunday-schools?" I
asked, wondering if my good aunt was let-
ting her hobby run away with her. "You
surely don't want Uncle John to bring up his
boys to be careless about Sunday?"

"No, child, no! The Lord made the day
sacred, but He made families sacred, too, and
John and Milly seem to forget that side. One
day last spring I was there, as pretty a morn-
ing it was as ever shone, and in rushed the
children to beg their father to let them play
with them, and she actually kissed them all

around and sent them off with a basket of
cookies, saying she hadn't time. To be sure
there was a fancy pill for dinner, and little
Milly had an extra frill on a new gingham, and
what did they cost? The mother spent the
next day at bed with a nervous headache, and
the children lost the mothering they had a
right to. What is time good for if a woman
can't use it to mother her own children? What
else was lost no one can count. Surely the
Lord doesn't spread out a May day for His
little creatures to snub and turn their backs
upon. A fresh-made world new every morn-
ing and never two after just the same pattern
that time of year. Folks are made different,
there's no doubt of that; and the Lord touches
one by music, and another by a picture, and
another by a sermon; but I believe He means
sky and trees and flowers and sunshine and
ocean and mountains to speak to every one
who'll take time to listen. Despising the
works of the Lord will have to be explained
some day, and when that day comes we go
up with a poor, miserable, little, dwarfed,
dried-up soul, the excuse 'no time, no time,'
won't sound as well as it does here, for the
Lord gave us all the time there is, and all
the privileges we can use to make something
of ourselves that will be a credit to the
pattern."

"But, Aunt Martha," I said, hoping to
draw her on, "everybody looks upon Aunt
Milly as a model wife and mother. She has
even given up her music, which used to be
her very life, for the sake of the children,
and she is the most unselfish woman I know,
most self-sacrificing."
"Jennie, my child," said Aunt Martha,
putting her hand gently on my shoulder, "never
be self-sacrificing in the same way. The Lord
gave Milly a wonderful musical talent, and
He expects some return for it. What right
has she to neglect such a blessing, such a
means of glorifying Him? 'Thy voice sacer-
dote to cultivate your painting,' 'thine hers
to cultivate her music, and if, as is the case
with most of us, we think we have no special
gift to cultivate, then do by day a little
thing which makes the soul just a little
better, just a little higher, and by-and-by we
discover there is a point to cultivate. Per-
haps 'tis a very nice chimey, perhaps 'tis a
fresh way of telling a story, or a quick-
ness at seeing the funny side—all little
things, but little things make all the differ-
ence between happiness and misery in this
world and the next."

"Take time, child! Take it! Don't feel
that you are stealing it, but take it as the
right of a free-born citizen, and use it to
make the best kind of a citizen for the heav-
enly country, for this is only the training
ground for that."

So ended Aunt Martha's sermon, and we
went to tea. —N. Y. Observer.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—Donna Amelia Cardia, Portugal's first woman
doctor, dedicated her graduating thesis to the Queen,
who accepted it.

—Newman College at Cambridge, Eng., will
receive forty women for the newly organized course
of university extension.

—Two hundred women are employed by Edison
in working at the more delicate details of his electrical
inventions.

—Miss Elizabeth Bland, author of the charming
book, "A Flying Trip Around the World," is
about to marry Mr. Charles W. Wetmore, secretary
of the American Steel Bridge Company.

—Miss De Bar has successfully passed the ex-
amination at St. Louis for a licensed steam engineer.

—"About twenty-five women," says Mr. Chas.
J. Dumar in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "now have
a pleasant, lucrative employment on daily news-
papers in New York as 'distributors'—that is, they
are employed during the day, at the same rate paid
for night, to distribute type for compositors
who thus prefer to shorten their working hours."

—The Women's Servants' Home Society is the
name of a Christian organization in London, which
shelters female help from the perils that infest the
interval between leaving one place and securing
another. Of the 240,000 female domestics in that
great city, 10,000 are always seeking employment.
This is a great field for practical philanthropy.

—Emma Winsor Rogers says: "Good com-
mon sense and tact, with gracious and pleasing man-
ners, are needed in the positions of prominence that
women occupy in these days. A woman while pro-
gressive in the best and truest sense of the word,
should have breadth enough to appreciate 'the point
of view' of other people, and not feel her mission
to antagonize continually, and thus lose her influ-
ence. We ought all to have the courage of our con-
victions always, but we are commanded above all
to love one another, and this should make us lenient
and long-suffering with those who differ from us."

The model for the statue of Queen Isabella, on
which Miss Harriet Hosmer has been at work in her
studio in Rome, is almost completed. The Queen is
represented in full royal robes, stepping down from
her throne, with her jewels in her outstretched hand.
The figure is full of grace and strength, and the robes
have been most skillfully draped by the artist, giving
a pleasing outline from every point of view. One of
the interesting things in Miss Hosmer's studio is a
plaster cast of the clasped hands of Robert and Eliza-
beth Barrett Browning. Upon the wrist at either
end are the autographs of the poets, with the date.
The cast was made by Miss Hosmer in Rome in May,
1883, and is now of almost priceless value.

—Edmund Yates says in his letter to the *New
York Tribune*: "The Queen of Italy is probably
the finest pedestrian and the most active mount-
ain-climber among the European royalties. A few days
ago she set out from Gressoney in early morning,
reached the Indre Plateau about noon, passed the
night in a tent on the Hochelich, and at dawn set out
in a gray walking costume for the Lys glacier. The
case was intense, and a blinding snowstorm com-
pelled some of Her Majesty's attendants to turn back.
The winter cleared at last, and about 5 p. m. a dinner
was served in a hut at Guffetta at an elevation of 11,
000 feet above the sea level. The second night she
passed on the mountains before Queen Margaret re-
turned to Gressoney not a whit the worse for the ad-
venture which tired out her most stalwart compan-
ions."

NERVES OR SOUL.

M. REECHER used to illustrate the noisy but
barren activity of a certain class of people
by comparing them to bumblebees, which make a
prodigious stir, but lay up no honey. There is an
immense class of bumblebees in this country—people
who are always doing something, but never achieve
anything, and whose life is an incessant activity
of permanent results. This failure to make real
achievement rises from a shallow and false idea of
life; the ideal of all life lies in doing; and that
which is a great deal of doing that is not only not
good, but distinctly bad; or, at the very best, sheer
waste of time. A very considerable amount of what
is regarded by some persons as intellectual and re-
ligious activity is pure nervous excitability; there is
neither intellect nor soul in it. There are a great
many people who belong to countless clubs of every
sort and fashion, for the study of Browning, and
Ibsen, and art, and ethics, and esoteric Buddhism,
who put the least possible amount of brains into their
activity; whose activity has, in fact, no intellectual
quality whatever, but is purely nervous restlessness.
These people have become chronically inebriated with
doing. They must be doing, although that which
they do amounts to nothing. Repose, meditation,
thought and growth are things which do not enter
into their lives. They are always running, always
out of breath; they never reach any definite
point, and they never see anything by the way.
They are pursued by demon of restlessness, and

condemned to wander forever without repose or re-
freshment.

It is to be feared that there is a great deal of so-
called religious activity which is of the same sort.
It is more nervous restlessness; the incessant activity
of people who have no other resource; to whom thor-
ough Bible study, quiet meditation, serious thought,
strenuous moral struggle, are all if they were not;
people who rush about from one religious activity to
another, from organization to organization, from
committee to committee, from meeting to meeting,
but whose spiritual life has as little volume and force
as a mountain brook in August, which is simply a
noisy thread of water through a course which it fills
only with sound. To really live, one must put both
thought and emotion before action; to really achieve
anything, action must be the flowering of deep things
in the nature, not a mere putting forth of the hands
for the sake of occupation. It is wise for all those
who find themselves intensely occupied to stop and
ask themselves whether their occupation is a matter
of nerves or a matter of mind and soul. If it is a
matter of nerves, it indicates physical disorder, and
medical advice ought to be sought at once. If it is
a matter of mind and soul, it indicates the highest
degree of healthfulness. —Christian Union.

EBBING AND FLOWING.

The tide went out—
Shining pebbles and shells that lay
On the shore, at the back of the white-armed spray
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—
And a hundred ships asleep on the strand
Sprang up, and away from the hateful land
Went out with the tide.

The tide went out—
And a life as sweet as a life might be,
Drifting away to the unknown sea,
Went out with the tide.

The tide came in—
The pebbles and shells, with the waves' disdain
Flung from their arms to the shore again,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—
The weary ships from their voyaging,
Laden with many a precious thing,
Came in with the tide.

The tide came in—
But the life, as sweet as life might be,
Came not back from the unknown sea,
Came not in with the tide.

—EMILIE A. BRADDOCK, in *Christian at Work*.

THE MISSIONARY PIG.

"IT'S all right for Chaplain McCabe to
talk about a million for missions, but
that don't make crops any better. He'd turn
farms, cows, pigs, and all in the missionary
box if he could." Mr. Simpson gave an un-
easy laugh as he said this.

"Well, pa, I would have slept better if you
had put your name down for something last
night. His speech was worth a good deal, if
we did ride twenty miles going and coming
to hear it, and Roy enjoyed the singing so.
I'm glad we took him, but I feel as if I had
China, India and Alaska all on my heart to-
day," and Mrs. Simpson sighed as she began
gathering up the dishes.

"Oh, he's all right. The church needs to
be awakened. We don't pray enough for the
heathen; but a man must look to his own
first. Just fill my pipe, ma, while you're at
the cupboard. Have a good dinner; I'm
working hard seeding alone. Good-by, Roy."
And, lighting his pipe, he slammed
the door and was off.

There was a cloud on Mrs. Simpson's
pump, rosy face that morning. Don't im-
agine it was because her husband did not kiss
her good-by. He had left off such demon-
strations long ago, and if Mrs. Simpson
missed the little attentions most wives prize,
no one was the wiser. She was looking
around the neat kitchen, which also served as
dining and sitting room, and thinking of
women less fortunate in far-away lands. The
new rag carpet with its strip of painted floor
around the stove, the cheap prints on the
wall, the plants and canaries in the windows,
all made a pleasant picture. The feeling of
possession, thinking of the well-furnished
front rooms shut up for company, and the
beautiful hard-earned acres outside, made her
feel a very rich woman. When she reflected
there were many near, as well as in foreign
lands, who did not enjoy such pleasant sur-
roundings, her eyes fell on the glimmer of
white marble in the little hillside cemetery in
the distance. Two little mounds were there
which held what was far more precious than
all that money could buy; but she knew her
lost lambs were folded with the Good Shep-
herd. "It is because no hope for the future
is so much harder than present poverty, the
case of the heathen is so much worse than
being poor here. There is not a mother in
this country but has heard of Jesus. Oh,
yes, being where there is no Jesus is the most
terrible thing in the world," and as Mrs.
Simpson decided this simple truth, she could
hardly keep back the tears. Her only child
sat in his low rocker by the window, and his
pale face and the crutches by his side told of
another heart-ache the mother found neces-
sary to carry to the Burden-bearer.

"Ma," Roy said, "I've been thinking over
what he said, too. It kept me awake last
night. He said it took only forty dollars a
year to send a boy to school in India, and
after a while that boy might be a preacher,
and lead hundreds of people to Christ. Ever
since you read me the life of Dr. Judson I've
ached to be a missionary. I think I'd choose
India."

"Darling, if the Lord wants you to go to
India He will cure you. I wanted to go when
I was young, and I would be proud to give
a son to the cause; but my boy will stay
at home and take care of ma when she gets
old," was the answer.

"Pa did not go to the war," Roy went on.
"No; he couldn't leave, but he sent a sub-
stitute, so it was just the same."

"Don't you suppose Jesus meant if I did
not go, I ought to send a substitute, ma?"
Roy asked, with eager, shining eyes. "If
His 'go ye into all the world' means any-
body, why doesn't it mean Roy Simpson?"

"I never thought every one must go or
send, though I don't see why it should not
be as binding as serving one's country. If
every one who couldn't go would send a sub-
stitute, of course the world would soon be
brought to Christ. But it's no use; pa never
will give but a dollar a year for missions.
Don't worry, dear! I'm going to make mil-
lions, and you can keep them for me, after you
stem some raisins."

"I ought to send a substitute," insisted
Roy, looking at his lame foot.

"Here's something for you, Mattie," said
Mrs. Simpson, as he came in at noon. "A
dog killed its mother and the rest of the
litter. It's no use to raise pigs now. If they
don't die one way, they die another."

thought dinner was ready." This last be-
cause the chairs were not drawn up. As he
spoke he unrolled an old grain-bag and dis-
covered a very small specimen of a pig.
"I've no time to fool with a pig, warming
its milk and having it around. You men
think women can do everything," replied
Mrs. Simpson, who had worried over the
heathen until she felt like one herself. Mr.
Simpson saw he had blundered, but not being
just clear where, turned to Roy with his
burden.

"O pa, give it to me!" begged Roy.
"I don't care, if ma'll have it around. Do
you want it for a playmate?" was the an-
swer.

"Do I want to raise it? May I have every
cent it brings?" said Roy, eagerly.
"Yes, and corn to fatten it for market,"
said his father, with a laugh to see business
interest in his bookworm of a boy.

Mrs. Simpson, relenting her hasty speech,
consented at once, and so this particular pig
became a member of the Simpson family.

Never did a pig have a daintier babyhood.
Roy fixed up a box for its bed in the shed,
and fed it on warm milk and scraps from the
table, for he said this pig was too important
to be a dishwasher pig. It soon became as
pretty as a pig could be from its funny pink
nose to its little curl of a tail. It became
quite a pet, and would eat out of his hand or
follow him around like a dog. But it tried
its little red nose on Mrs. Simpson's pany
bed, so its liberty was at an end. Roy de-
clared it should not associate with the vulgar
herd that wallowed in the mire behind the
barn, so "Sub," as she was called, had a cor-
ner of the garden penned off for her play-
ground, and a little shed for her shelter.

Mr. Simpson tried in vain to guess the mean-
ing of her strange name, though Mrs. Simp-
son was evidently in the secret. Roy found
out enough of hog-ology to inform his father
that pigs were a much slandered race, for
they roll in water and damp places to cool
themselves and get rid of vermin, and prefer
clean places to sleep in. Mr. Simpson
laughed at it all, but admitted Roy's pig was
thriving much better than his, and was a
good investment, since it kept the boy out of
doors away from books.

One cold November day the time came for
Roy to part with his pet. He shed tears and
even kissed its fat nose when he thought no
one was looking, but he refused his father's
advice to keep her.

"No, pa, she's my missionary pig, and her
real name is Substitute. I want to send a
substitute to India 'cause I'm lame and can't
go. Get all you can for her," was the boy's
answer at last.

Then Roy's devotion to this pig was ex-
plained to Mr. Simpson, and he went off in a
very thoughtful frame of mind. When he
came back he gave Roy ten silver dollars,
saying: "Your pig was the best of its age in
market, as fat as butter, and solid as lead.
You've earned it, so send it off if you want
to. Why, my farmer could spare one pig a
year and hardly miss it."

"O pa, will you let me have one every
year?" begged Roy. "Then by the time I
am grown I can have a substitute in India,
just as you had in the war. See, pa, I'm
lame and can't go, and Nellie and Willie are
in heaven and can't go, so I must send a
substitute."

Mr. Simpson drew his rough hand across
his eyes, and said: "My son, I never thought
of that. I paid three hundred dollars to send
my substitute to the war, when I had to
borrow the money and work of nights to pay
the interest. I never thought of doing as

Zion's Herald

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Review of the Week.

Tuesday, September 8.

—Warren celebrated the 150th anniversary of his incorporation yesterday.

—Peace is reported to have been restored in the island of Fogo.

—Kansas City freight yards are blocked by loaded grain cars, east-bound.

—Mrs. Kiefer falls 5,000 feet from a balloon into a lake, clinging to a trapeze bar.

—Judge Wheeler, in the United States District Court at Bristolboro, orders two Chinamen returned to Canada.

—The National Electrical Association of the United States is holding its annual convention at Montreal.

—Lieut. Peary has written his mother a letter filled with the greatest confidence in the future of his expedition.

—Loss of a German mail steamship running between Zanzibar and Mozambique; the barque "Ellen" and 11 men lost in the Pacific; wreck of British barque "Riji," and loss of 13 of her crew.

—Labor Day in Boston was marked by a downpour of rain. The parade was declared off.

—A proposition is made in France that the powers unite in sending to China an ultimatum regarding the treatment of foreigners in that country.

—Secretary Tracy orders the "Penelope" to Honolulu, in anticipation of trouble resulting from the death of the Hawaiian prince consort.

—General Alkhonoff, the well-known Russian commander, is charged with being a spy, and was arrested in Kabul while disguised as a Moslem devotee.

—The barque "Royal Tar" from Australia is in quarantine at San Francisco with all hands down from fever and scurvy. The captain and first mate died before arrival.

—Two prisoners in the New Hampshire Industrial School beat a watchman nearly to death, but failed to escape.

Wednesday, September 9.

—The Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) is dangerously ill in Venice.

—Secretary Tracy will investigate the Walker-Gherard difficulty.

—Secretary Proctor accepts the appointment of United States Senator.

—Denmark removes the prohibition put on American pork.

—Emperor William had an exceedingly cordial reception to Munich.

—The British Trades Union Congress will support an international eight-hour law.

—Lord Salisbury declares that Russia has no rights in the Dardanelles not held by other powers.

—Nearly 300 passengers, mostly Americans, on the "Dubledam," from Rotterdam to New York, are stranded at Plymouth, Eng., unable to get passage home on other steamers. The delay is caused by an accident to the "Dubledam."

—Eight thousand Jewish residents of Odessa are under notice of expulsion.

—The hearing in the Seaboard-Hopkins case is appointed for the 22d.

—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is reported to be convalescent.

Thursday, September 10.

—Judge Grey, ex-President of France, is dead.

—John G. Cooley, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has resigned.

—Bishop Leonard has made the suspension of Rev. Howard McQuay perpetual unless he recants his present views.

—The Lynn & Boston railroad petitions for permission to build an electric road in Chelsea.

—Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. McKee and Baby McKee will visit Woodland Park Hotel, Autardale.

—Kimball and Smith head the Prohibition ticket in Massachusetts. The tariff and immigration create a breeze in the convention at Worcester.

—Newport elects a Democratic mayor and a Democratic board of aldermen, for the first time in its history.

—New York Republicans nominate J. Stoddard for Governor.

—Gen. Butterworth, Major Moses P. Hand and Messrs. Peck and Bullock, comprising the World's Fair Promotion Commission in Europe, are on the ocean going home, after a most successful tour of Europe.

—Mrs. Leland Stanford has given property valued at \$100,000 for the benefit of the Society for the Relief of Orphan and Destitute Children in Albany, N. Y.

—The English High Court of Justice, on application of the Chilean junta, restrains the relinquishment of the million dollars sent by Balmaceda to Montevideo on H. M. S. "Esperanza."

Friday, September 11.

—Two suicides at Niagara Falls yesterday.

—The Massachusetts Naval Battalion held its annual fall field day at Gloucester.

—An earthquake devastated San Salvador, wiping out entire towns and destroying many lives.

—Mysterious disappearance of Miss Ava, who has been carrying on a crusade against the slums of Chicago.

—Death of Rev. Wm. Barrows, D. D., the former secretary of the Congregational Home Mission Society, and of Dr. David H. Storer, of Boston.

—Premier Merlot, of Quebec, and four other French Canadian statesmen presented to the Dominion Senate charged with gross corruption.

—An American missionary establishment in Ichang on the Yang-Tze-Kiang destroyed by a Chinese mob. The "Charleston" and "Petrel" of the United States Navy ordered to Chinese waters.

—The Chileans will hold a Presidential election Oct. 15.

—Five laborers on a railroad near Glasgow were killed yesterday by an express train, which dashed into them without warning. Several others were seriously injured.

—The county council of Plymouth, England, has decided to erect a memorial tablet on the Barbican Pier, to commemorate the departure of the "Mayflower" for America.

—The Legislative Council of Wellington, New Zealand, has rejected a bill providing for female suffrage.

—Russia is rapidly collecting a strong fleet in the Black Sea.

Saturday, September 12.

—Georgia will pension her veterans of the Confederate Army.

—Newton young people have organized an Anti-Swearing Society.

—There is an unexplained deficit of \$30,000 in the cash of the Catholic Knights of America.

—Messrs. Cary and Cole, of the Bowdoin College expedition, have explored the great cañon in the tablelands of Labrador.

—The mission destroyed in Ichang was probably a Protestant Episcopal establishment.

—The redemptions of the 4-12 per cent bonds aggregate \$11,880,820.

—Miss Ava, who disappeared at Chicago on Wednesday, is said to be Ann O'Della Dis Debar, the spook priestess.

—The new Chilean Government is dubious as to what shall be done with the millions of paper money issued by Balmaceda.

—Collision of the most southern point of Africa between the Italian steamship "Taormina" and the Greek steamship "Thessalia." The former sunk and 100 lives are believed to have been lost.

—John H. Latrobe, who established the republic of Liberia in Africa, and was well known by his efforts towards African colonization, died in Baltimore yesterday. Mr. Latrobe was the oldest member of the city bar.

—Pay Director Thornton, of the Navy, is dead.

Monday, September 14.

—San Salvador asks for reciprocity.

—The first trip was made over the new road between Boston and Brooklyn.

—The new Chilean government has voted to legalize the \$27,000,000 notes issued by Balmaceda, and has adopted universal suffrage.

—Disasters occurred yesterday on the Union Pacific and on the Colorado Central railways. In the former case twenty-three passengers were hurt and in the latter fifteen.

—Lord Salisbury threatens China with British force unless she controls her turbulent people.

—Italy will not participate officially in the World's Fair.

—The "Arcton," from New York to Liverpool, was in collision with an unknown steamer. Fears that the sailing vessel foundered.

—The steamer "Taormina," which was sunk by colliding with a Greek steamer, had 46 passengers. Of 97 persons on board the steamer, 66 were lost.

—Cholera in a severe form has broken out on board H. M. S. "Blanche" and "Marathon," now at Bombay. There have been 28 cases on board the two ships within 24 hours. Six deaths have already occurred.

—R. T. S. Lowell, D. D., died at his home in Schenectady yesterday, aged 74 years. He was a brother of the late James Russell Lowell, and an author and writer of note.

THE CONFERENCES.
(Continued from Page 5.)

cellent means of grace, which sometimes languish. Several additions to the membership have been had by certificate. The outlook in general is hopeful for all departments of the work.

Plymouth invited the Boston League to a rally at the old town at Labor Day. It is getting quite popular to make excursions under the auspices of local Leagues to the Pilgrim town, and it is difficult to find a more attractive place of more generous hospitality and fraternity than are offered here. Wesleyan Hall, in the basement of the Memorial Methodist Church, affords a fine opportunity for serving collations and lunches, and is just the right place for a large assemblage. Sept. 6, 2 persons were received on probation in the church, 9 in full membership, and 2 were baptized. Bro. Brightman finds the outlook for the autumn favorable. Plans for vigorous work in the League and other branches of the church are matured and in operation.

Acushnet.—The pastor, Rev. E. B. Gurney, took for a vacation trip a yacht cruise on Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound in company with some other pastors of the Conference. Autumn labor is now in hand.

Providence District.

A few members of the Providence Methodist Preachers' Meeting assembled on Sept. 7, but owing to the severe storm, the attendance was small. The regular order of exercises was not taken up.

Trinity, Providence.—With the return of Dr. Greene, of Trinity, who occupied his pulpit Sept. 13, all the pastors of the city are on duty once more, and many have matured their plans for aggressive work during the fall and winter months.

Mathewson St.—This church has secured the services of Evangelist Telford, who will commence meetings the latter part of October.

Harris Avenue.—Rev. J. A. Rood, the pastor, reports himself as feeling like a new man since his vacation. Five weeks of yachting along the Atlantic coast have done this for him. He had with him as companions his son, and Revs. J. H. Newland, of Pawtucket, and E. B. Gurney, of Acushnet. His church work is full of encouragement.

Haven Church, East Providence.—Rev. Lyman G. Horton, the pastor, has commenced a series of sermons for young people on "Amusements," which will be continued during the month of September. The first sermon in the series was on "Card Playing."

Hebronville.—The Ladies' Home Circle of this church gave a lawn party and supper recently. The grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and presented an attractive appearance. The Hebron Hamlet Band furnished music for the occasion. There was a good attendance, and the society netted about \$30. Rev. W. B. Heath is pastor.

Wakefield.—Presiding Elder Benton has appointed Rev. C. A. Lockwood, of East Greenwich, pastor of the M. E. Church in Wakefield. This is a new society, organized since Conference. Rev. Lockwood for some months past had served the church at Norwood.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.
Springfield District.

At the meetings held in Landgrove, the remarkable success of which was reported last week, in addition to the very efficient aid rendered by Rev. H. F. Reynolds, the pastor was assisted by Rev. W. K. Davenport and Rev. E. Reynolds, a brother of the evangelist.

Both of these gentlemen found their way in Landgrove (marrying two sisters), and have a very sincere interest in the welfare of the town. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport were quite opportunely visiting her home friends at the time of the meeting, and though needing the rest he came to seek, Bro. D. could not gratify his parishioners of an earlier day in affording them an opportunity to hear his voice again in faithful appeal in the Master's name.

From Landgrove Evangelist H. F. Reynolds went to Bondville for a week's work, where he also attained good results. Twenty persons, according to their own professions, were either converted or reclaimed from a backslidden state, and more than that number sought the blessing of a clean heart, a proportion of the number hopefully attaining unto that experience. Three persons received Christian baptism.

This week other Reynolds is at Weston where, as in the other cases, he will hold three services a day, being assisted by the pastors of contiguous churches. The Divine blessing seems to attend this brother's work. We bid him a hearty God-speed as he goes from place to place carrying the blessed evangel to poor lost souls, of whom numbers, we hope, may be brought by his ministry to the Lord Jesus Christ.

The writer has been making a careful study of the reports as published in the last Conference Minutes, especially with reference to our missionary collections. Though there may be no reason why the hearts of missions should be upon the hearts of our people and their pastors more than the other great causes for which their contributions are solicited, yet because of its magnitude, its inseparability with the ultimate triumph of the Gospel of the Son of God, and possibly because of the great zeal with which the missionary secretaries are laboring to promote this noble enterprise, it has come to be believed that the measure of one's activity in church work may be pretty well determined by the sum of his missionary contribution. Not invariable would this test be. Nevertheless, when one is asked what he will give to bring the world to the feet of Jesus, and responds with a paltry donation, not only will questions arise as to the donor's Christian activity, but also in relation to the genuineness of his Christian life. Such a steward of the manifold gifts of God would do well to ponder the question asked in 1 John 3:17. The published reports of our Conference—the writer is sorry to acknowledge—show a decrease in our missionary collections of \$224. It affords slight relief to be able to say that the same reports mark an advance in the contributions of our people to the two Women's Societies of \$33 more than the sum of our deficiency to the parent board. Nevertheless, the impression abides that the work done on many of the charges is superficial, spasmodic, greatly wanting in system, and destitute of the ardor which is indispensable to the enlisting of our people and obtaining a generous collection. A circular letter has been addressed to the pastors of the Springfield District based upon the above facts, which, it is hoped, will be suggestive and helpful to them. Great interest in our satisfaction at being able to say that at least three of our charges, and perhaps four, are up to, if not beyond, the million and a quarter line when measured by the standard adopted at the central missionary office. At an early day we will gladly supply these particulars to the readers of the HERALD.

St. Johnsbury District.

St. Johnsbury Church.—Rev. G. W. Pierce, the pastor, is in much favor with the people, and is meeting with great success. They recently gave him a reception and presented him with a purse of money as a birthday gift. About the same time the U. S. Government remembered him for services rendered as a soldier in a different warfare than that in which he is now engaged. In his ministerial work his motto is, "A continuous revival," and many have been received on probation and saved.

St. Johnsbury.—On Aug. 23 Bro. G. M. Carl preached at the Morrillville Camp-meeting, his pulpit being supplied by Rev. T. P. Frost, of Brooklyn. He is reported to have delivered an eloquent sermon in the morning at the Methodist Church and an interesting address in the afternoon at the Y. M. C. A.

West Concord.—Bro. F. E. Currier, the pastor, is doing a good work. His pulpit efforts are very vigorously spoken of, and his indefatigable labors in the repairing of the church are very commendable. A good work is also progressing at the other point—South Valley. This young and small society had by far the finest appearing cottage on the camp ground this year. The outlook here is very encouraging.

East Burke.—The pastor and his family have been enjoying a carriage drive through the White Mountains. More beautiful scenery and purer air is not within easier reach of St. Johnsbury District. A good Methodist home in full view of the Franconia group made the trip pleasant and profitable.

Lyndonville.—Pastor Dodd preached a very able discourse to the united congregation of the Methodist Episcopal and Congregational churches last Sabbath. Bro. Dodd's "praise is in all the churches."

Camp-meeting seems to be the general subject of discussion—whether it is advisable for the interests of the church, to continue it at the present point. The grounds are in a most disgraceful condition, and the owners—the railway company—refuse to lay out any money upon them. They are also cutting off, year by year, the privileges they formerly granted. The attendance and the interest are unquestionably on the decrease. On the best day of the week there were but seventeen of the thirty-two charges represented, and but 214 in the various tent companies. The boarding-house was a failure financially, though in no other sense, for the table and service were everything that could be desired. The gate receipts were far below the expenses. It is no use blinking the fact—the results altogether were very unsatisfactory. That was patent to all who attended the meetings of the Association. Some attributed the cause to one thing and some to another, as the loss of the Sunday meeting, permitting the Missionary Societies and the Epworth Leagues to have their anniversaries, etc. Suggestions were made to increase the price of entrance to teams, and to erect a tight fence ten feet high, with locked gates and forbidding entrance or exit after the commencement of any service until its close. But "force is no remedy." Others suggested

a change of location, where we should not have to fight against the public sentiment; or a movable tabernacle with seating capacity for 1,000 people. The whole matter was ultimately left with the executive committee. Now let them take the course they took with regard to the Sunday question last year—submit it to the various quarterly conferences, and arrange accordingly. St. Johnsbury District certainly needs a "forward movement." If a change of location or of order will insure success, by all means let us change!

Shelfield.—Pastor J. S. Allen is arranging for a camp-meeting, to be held in the church, Sept. 15-18, the services to continue through the day. The brethren will doubtless rally to his help, and with God's blessing, this method may start the revival fire.

Woodbury.—Bro. Wheeler is also arranging for a camp-meeting for June. Politicians take the fall of the year for their work, and get the ear and the attention of the people. Why should not the church? The work is in a hopeful state at Woodbury. Last Sabbath, on the invitation of the presiding elder, at the close of the communion service, four persons rose for prayers, and others are under conviction.

Hardwick.—Rev. H. W. Worthen is having his usual success on this charge. He is in much favor with the people. The church property has been greatly improved, and the old indebtedness has been cleared. Bro. Worthen's salary has also been increased another \$100 for this year. It is said that this church has the next largest congregation to St. Johnsbury, often being two hundred and over. The Sunday school has a roll of 175. The popular pastor is planning for a grand harvest during the autumn months.

Montpelier District.

Rev. H. A. Starks, D. D., while returning to Burlington from a carriage trip through the White Mountain region, preached an able and eloquent sermon at Waterbury, Vt., Dillingham introducing him in the absence of the pastor.

Owing to the fact that some of the preachers are taking their vacations now, and others have various excuses to prevent their attendance, the Preachers' Meeting at Stowe is indefinitely postponed. Only four had been found who promised to prepare and read essays. Will those who would be willing to attend and take part in a Preachers' Meeting some time in October, please communicate with the writer at once?

The presiding elder writes that he considers the district camp-meeting to have been a success spiritually and financially. The attendance was larger than last year. Souls were converted; and believers entered into full light and liberty. Dr. W. B. Scranon, of Korea, spoke before the W. F. M. S., and Rev. A. H. Webb, of Brattleboro, for the W. H. M. S.

Prof. Bishop was announced to preach at Woodbury Church, Sept. 13. The Seminary has opened with a large number of students.

Barre Methodists, in the absence of Bro. Smithers, enjoyed the pleasure of a sermon by Wm. M. Newton, a graduate of our Seminary, the president of his class, and a sophomore in Wesleyan. Bro. Newton is a young man of great promise.

Montpelier temperance women support two Temperance Unions—the regular and the non-partisan. Both are flourishing. The wife of Presiding Elder Truax is an officer of the former, and the wife of Pastor Hough an active member of the latter.

Our people at Gayville have been uniting with another denomination in holding such annual meetings during the summer months. The young people in particular have been greatly helped, and the Y. P. S. C. E. is doing good work. Several new households have been built to accommodate the growing congregations.

The repairs on the church at Bethel Lympus are progressing satisfactorily. Bro. Tucker is to be congratulated in carrying forward repairs simultaneously on two churches, besides holding extra meetings, and doing an immense amount of pastoral work.

A worthy layman of Gayville, Bro. C. A. Thomas, has done a unique thing in offering a prize of \$15 each to eight young persons between the ages of fourteen and twenty who will attend the local Sunday-school the most regularly from now until the first of next August, provided they will also attend the term of school at our Montpelier Seminary next following the award of the prize. This is an example well worthy of being followed.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.
Rockland District.

North Palermo.—The work is proceeding very prosperously on this charge since the re-opening of the church. Rev. George J. Palmer, the pastor, presented Zion's HERALD to his people on a recent Sunday, and secured six new subscribers.

Bangor District.

Atkinson, Milo and South Seb.—Bro. Taylor is a hard worker in this large field, and is much encouraged in his efforts. Three converts from South Seb. (converted at camp-meeting) are telling the story of their redemption at home, and the outlook for a revival at that point is excellent.

IRre-opening at Cambridge.

Trinity M. E. Church, situated at the corner of Cambridge and Third Streets, East Cambridge, which has been closed ten weeks for repairs, was re-opened last Sabbath with appropriate services. The repairs and improvements which have been made are quite extensive, and make the church, in some respects, even more attractive than when it was new. The cellar has been made much more commodious, giving more room for the heating apparatus located in this part of the building. The lower vestibule has been lighted up by tasteful fresco, and the word "Welcome" greets one as he enters. Both toilet-rooms have been refitted. The large doors leading from the vestry to the sanctuary have been paneled with glass and rehung with double-acting hinges, so as to swing each way. The ceiling and walls of the vestries have been decorated in harmonious colors, and the sheathing retouched. New lighting apparatus has also been put into the vestry. In the wide stairway leading from the lower to the upper vestibule the steps have been covered with rubber matting, making it easy for the feet and almost noiseless. The old swing doors at the foot of the stairs have been discarded, and beautiful new ones, with rounded glass and covered with leather cloth, have been put in at the top of the stairway.

The audience room has been entirely and elaborately frescoed; the wood-work of the pews polished; new chandeliers put in to take the place of the old gas jets; new chairs placed in the pulpit; a new carpet put upon the floor; and the iron frame protecting and screening the steam-pipes running along the walls have been handsomely bronzed, producing a very pleasing effect. In a word,

the whole interior has been greatly beautified. The re-opening services, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. C. H. Hanaford, were held at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. Wm. N. Brodbeck preached a masterly and eloquent sermon from the text: "From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus" (Gal. 6:17). The great congregation, filling almost every seat in the large auditorium, were profoundly interested and deeply impressed, and went away realizing more than ever how grand a thing it is to bear about with us the proof of our allegiance to the Lord Jesus.

At the close of the sermon Rev. Dr. Chadbourne called the attention of the congregation to the fact that in beautifying the church so extensively some \$2,000 had been expended; that the trustees had a way by which they could pay one-half of that amount; and that they would like to have the people pledge the other half; whereupon pledges came in very rapidly, and in a little while \$778 were pledged, and in the evening enough was added to make \$1,000. Thus Trinity Church has been put in fine condition throughout and the entire cost provided for.

The following clergymen also participated in the services: Drs. Lindsay, Rogers, Hatch, Trافت, Revs. Geo. H. Cheney, Mr. Bibbes, and B. Crankshaw, of the Baptist Church. Several other ministers were in the audience.

The singing, under the leadership of the chorister, N. H. Seelye, by the large chorus choir of over thirty voices, was most excellent, and the solos by Mr. Otis Danforth were finely rendered.

Many old members of Trinity were back to rejoice with her in her prosperity, whose voices were heard when subscriptions were called for, among them Hiram Leonard and O. H. Durrell, who are still among the best friends of this church.

In the evening another large congregation gathered and listened with rapid attention to one of Dr. Bates' characteristic sermons on "The Hiding of His Power," from Habakkuk 3:4: "And there was the hiding of His power." It was a grand effort, and the people felt that this had been a red-letter day for old Trinity.

Mr. Thomas F. Anderson, of the Boston Globe, will accept a limited number of engagements this season for his new and thoroughly entertaining and instructive lecture, "The Modern Newspaper," which was given with such success last winter. The lecture is under the management of the Dunne & Shilliday Lyceum Bureau, Albion Building, Boston.

Mr. Franklin Crosby (late Childs, Crosby & Lane) has probably had more years of active experience in the carpet business than any one now actively engaged. His experience consequently enables him to give his patrons carpets of exquisite taste, undoubted quality, together with designs of the latest patterns. Experience in this case is a pleasant teacher.

Abstract from New York Times, August 22, 1891: "The Croton Water is foul—it is polluted by sewerage at its sources—some startling facts discovered by the Board of Health chemists—a stream that feeds the aqueduct used as a drain."

The drinking water and ice used at the Plaza Hotel, New York, are vaporized and frozen on the premises and certified to as to purity by Prof. Chas. F. Chandler.

Our out of town readers who cannot visit Boston will be carefully cared for if they answer the advertisement of Hatch's Hat House in this issue. The "Perfected Derby" which they specially advertise is a first class hat in every particular, and we can heartily recommend it to our readers.

Any church desiring a good, competent and experienced choir leader can learn of one by addressing this office.

There is a great deal of comfort and pleasure in having a first-class oil-cloth carpet on the floor of your house. This line of goods may be seen in wonderful variety at very reasonable prices, at H. A. Hartley & Co.'s, warehouses, Nos. 95 to 105 Washington St., Boston.

FROM THE "UNION SIGNAL."

Temperance Temple Items, by Matilda B. Carse, President Woman's Temperance Building Association.

"We call special attention to all who have money to invest, to